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By and for men in the servi

CIVILIAN JEEP

German SS Women Let Down Hair In PW Camp

PAGES 10 & 11

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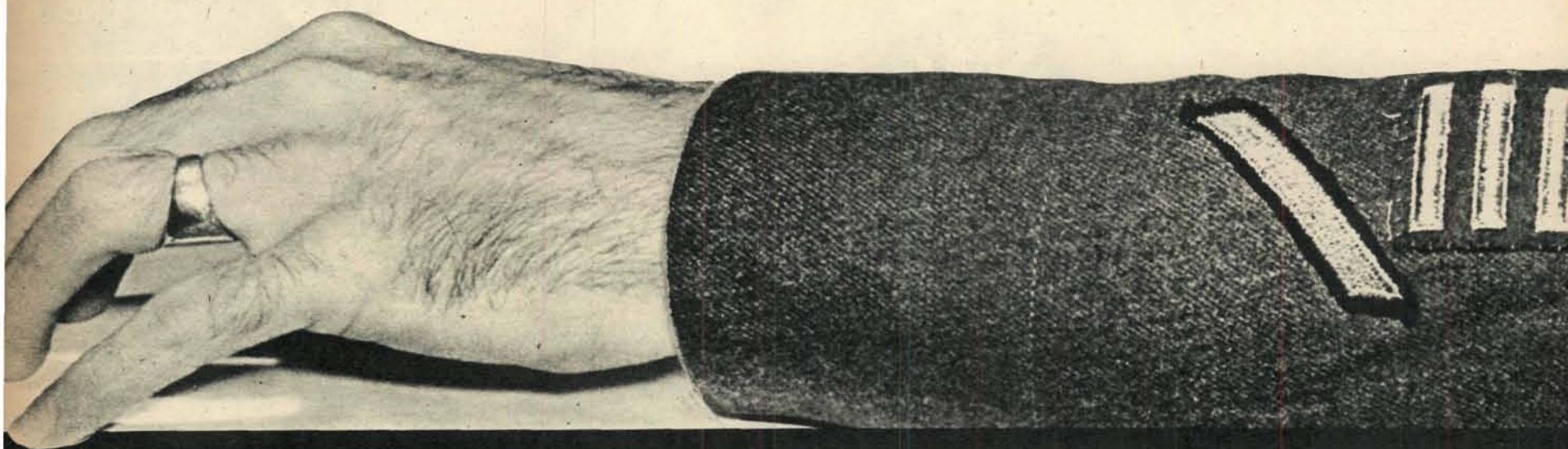

THE 37TH DIVISION SHOULDER PATCH HAS A NUMBER OF DIFFERENT NICKNAMES, BUT TO MEN WHO HAVE WORN IT THROUGH SIX HERSHEY-BARS'-WORTH OF COMBAT IN THE PACIFIC IT STANDS FOR A LONG AND TOUGH JOB ONLY ENDED BY THE NEWS OF VJ-DAY.

Bougainville was wet and cold. "You couldn't print what we thought of it," a private said.

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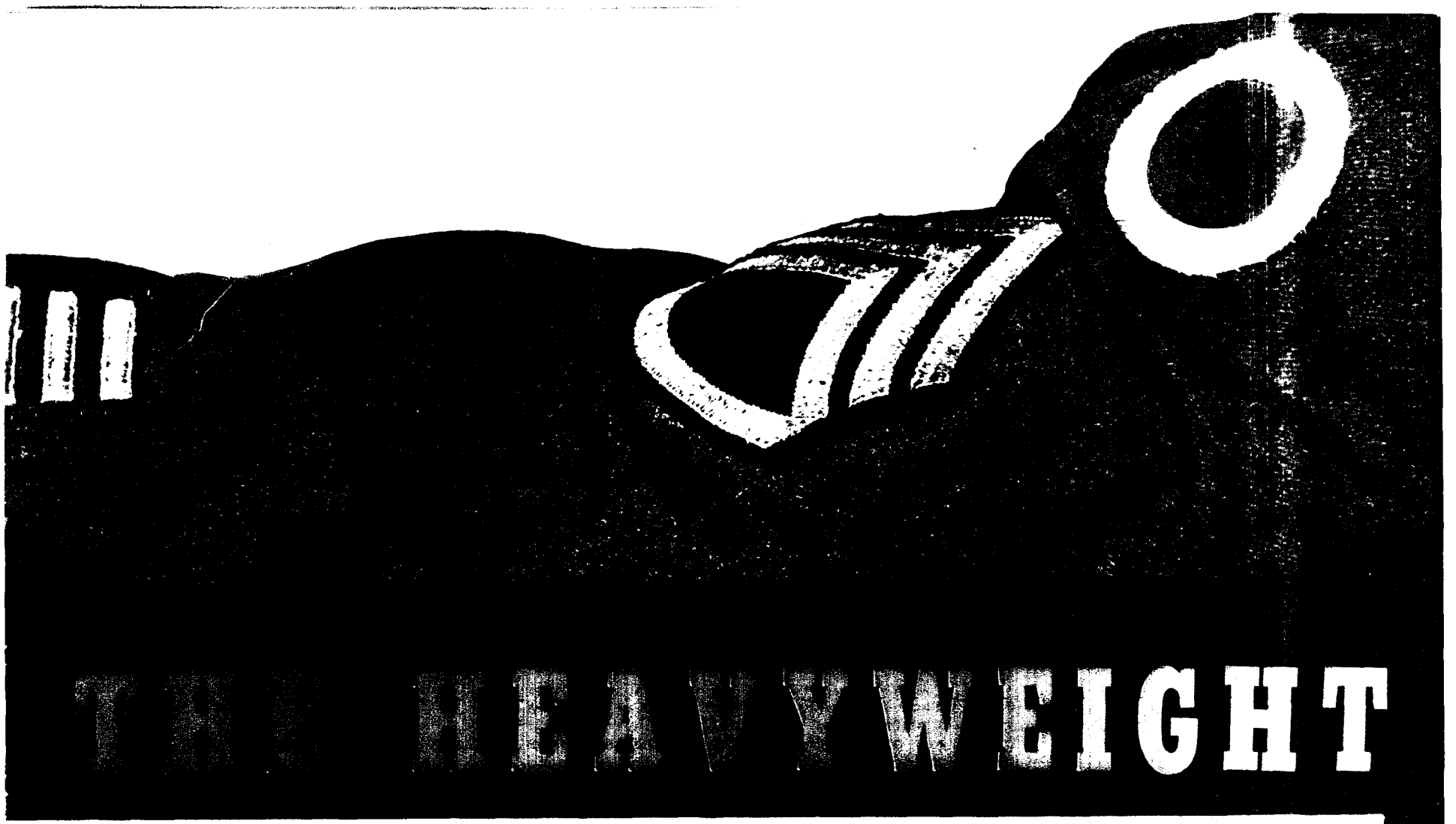

THE HEAVYWEIGHT

By Sgt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 37TH DIVISION, THE PHILIPPINES—Sgt. Benny Schlosser of Columbus, Ohio, a rifleman in Charlie Company, the 129th Infantry, introduced himself. "I'm from Ohio," he said, "but don't hold that against me."

The crack was good for a laugh; it always is in the 37th.

Sgt. Schlosser's self-introduction and the laugh it brought give a clue to the tradition and spirit of the so-called Buckeye Division. You have to tack "so-called" in front of the "Buckeye" because nowadays less than 20 percent of the division hails from Ohio. You could put all of the outfit's original National Guardsmen in a couple of squad tents and still have room for a water buffalo and a native kid to drive it.

GIs who have been in the division for a while sometimes call it the Fried Egg Division. This is a commentary on the 37th's shoulder patch. Few of the men have ever worn the patch, but they do know that it looks like an egg, sunny-side up. Others, inspired as much by the raw rubs the division has had as by the patch design, call themselves the Flaming Button Holes. Only they don't say "button."

The guys with grievances point out that in the preliminary months of the war, when most outfits were training in relative cosiness in Hawaii, New Zealand or the Philippines, the 37th drew the Fijis. After the New Georgia campaign, instead of a trip to New Zealand or some such place for rest and recuperation, they had a few weeks on Guadalcanal. After Guadal, bingo, they shoved off for Bougainville.

In the Philippines, they made the Lingayen Gulf landing, then fought and hiked all the way down the central Luzon plain to the gates of Manila. The 1st Cavalry Division, riding trucks along roads secured by the 37th, dashed into Manila first and won the big, black headlines. "Stole 'em," say the men of the 37th.

Again, allege the 37th GIs, when the 33d Division got itself stymied in the mountains of Luzon around Baguio, the 37th pushed on through and liberated the town which used to be the island's summer capital. And the 33d got the big, black headlines. "Stole 'em," say the men of the 37th.

In its last campaign, the final one of the Philippines, the 37th hiked and fought 225 miles up the Cagayen Valley toward the port of Aparri on Luzon's northern coast. Did the 37th hit Aparri first? No. With the 37th only two days' march away a battalion of 11th Airborne 'chutists dropped on the place. The 37th's lead battalion wasn't angry about it, though. It saved them some forced marches. And headlines.

Another nickname for the division, not used much now, is the BBBBs. The four Bs stood for "Beightler's Battling Buckeye Bastards." The reason it went out of favor, of course, was that there aren't so many genuine Ohio Buckeyes around the place any more.

Beightler is Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler (pronounced Beetler) of Columbus, Ohio, who activated the division with its original 9,000 National Guardsmen at Camp Shelby, Miss., on Oct. 15, 1940, and has been CG ever since. He's the only original National Guard commander still at the helm of a division.

ALTHOUGH one Pacific division is pretty much like another as far as their TBAs, TOs and such things are concerned, you get a different impression about each one.

The over all impression the 37th gives you is one of power and competence. Seeing the 37th move toward a new front was like seeing Joe Louis step into the ring after the preliminaries. It's a big, tough, skilled division for a big, tough job. It's a heavyweight.

Whether it's the salesmanship of the general and his staff or whether it's just luck, the 37th seems to have had first priority from whatever Corps or Army to which it's been attached as support. Besides the division's own artillery, none of which was ever left behind, there were Long Toms and 240 Hows, and there was always a battalion or more of 4.2 mortars. You used to see separate engineer outfits, ponton-bridge companies, dump-truck companies. You seldom saw a 37th man with the seat of his pants out, and there were few who didn't have combat boots. Up with the lead battalion kitchen, weapons carriers came through with oranges, egg sandwiches and such. The mail got up every day.

The division didn't start out in such a competent, self-assured fashion. Three months after its activation at Shelby it got in a batch of 10,000 selectees to fill it up to the strength of a full square division. That created some excitement and a good bit of not knowing what was going on. Then the division was triangularized.

In training and maneuvers there were stove pipes for mortars, and, for tanks, 6x6s with signs reading "TANK" pasted on them. No one in the division was very happy. Privates made $21 a month, less insurance and laundry. There wasn't any USO. Later on, after the draft was extended and the men started talking of O-H-I-O, they weren't referring to just the state.

Soon after the war broke out, the division apparently was scheduled to go to Europe. It moved to Indiantown Gap, Pa., for staging and was filled up with the latest classes from the infantry-training schools at Camp Wolters, Tex., and Camp Wheeler, Ga. Today, most of the first-three-graders in the 145th and 148th regiments seem to hail from the Wolters-Wheeler crowd.

In April 1942, an advance detail from the division sailed for Australia, its next presumed station. The division itself left San Francisco on May 26, 1942, headed for New Zealand. The 145th actually got to New Zealand and spent six weeks there, but the rest of the division was diverted to the Fijis, where the 145th subsequently rejoined it.

Confusion about destinations seemed to carry over into the division's internal organization. The 146th Regiment had been dropped when the division was triangularized. At Fiji the division lost the 147th and gained the 129th Infantry, formerly in the 33rd Division, Illinois National Guard. Then the 129th was sent to garrison Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides, while the 37th picked up the 161st RCT (onetime 41st Division, National Guard) of the 25th Division, for the New Georgia campaign. After that, the 161st reverted to the 25th Division and the 129th came back in time for the Bougainville operation.

Fox Company, 148th Infantry, has missed hardly a single scrap of the 37th's many. It is one of the seven units of the division to have won Presidential citations. Like most other of the 37th's line companies, it doesn't have a single National Guardsman left, and only a handful of the first Ohio selectees. Of those who sailed in 1942, there are now 18 in the company.

All 18 agree that the company's best time came during a month it spent at a camp near Auckland, New Zealand.

"We had hikes by day," recalls S/Sgt. George M. Rishel of Girard, Ohio, "and passes by night.

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The Auckland pubs were open from 10 to 6.

and once in a while passes in the daytime, too. The pubs were open from 10 to 6 and some of the guys learned how to drink shell-shockers, which are half port wine and half beer and all dynamite. We weren't there long enough for anybody to get married, but everybody had plenty of fun."

Fox Company was not delirious with joy when the 148th moved up to the Fijis to rejoin the division.

"We had nine months of the cruelest training you ever heard of," says Sgt. Rishel. "We dug more holes around Suva than there are craters on the moon."

While Fox Company and the rest of the division prepared unknowingly for the New Georgia campaign, the 129th Infantry moved to Espiritu Santo. One of the few Illinois National Guardsman left in the 129th, Pvt. LeRoy W. Halley of Pontiac, Ill., spent six months there with the regiment. In peacetime, Pvt. Halley believes, the island could be something of a resort.

"All coconuts and cool," he says. "Nice swimming and things like that."

Halley at that time, however, was a master sergeant in the regiment's Service Company (he was busted in Manila for something to do with a truck) and he admits that for most of the regiment's men, what with their details on the docks and guarding air-strips through raids, the stay on Espiritu Santo was not exactly a pleasure.

New Georgia was no pleasure resort in any sense. Even before hitting the place, Fox Company, while on a small peninsula of Rendova Island opposite New Georgia, had a bad foretaste of what was coming.

"The area was crowded with our artillery and supply dumps," says Sgt. John T. John of Wheeling, W. Va. "Jap planes raided us four or five times a day. The coral was so tough we couldn't dig into it. We actually were glad to shove off for New Georgia."

The 3rd Battalions of the 145th and 148th joined the Marine Raiders to land at New Georgia's Bairoko Harbor. The 1st and 2d Battalions of both, with all the 161st RCT added, joined the 43d Division in its drive for the Munda strip.

Sgt. John thinks that none of the men will ever forget their baptism by fire on Horseshoe Ridge.

"We took the ridge without too much trouble," he recalls, "but then the Japs really plastered us. The only water hole was a 1,000-pound bomb crater shared by us and the Japs. Every time we needed water it took a major assault by the entire company to get to the hole and get it.

"New Georgia was really hell. It rained all the time and everybody had dysentery, and the Japs were raising hell all the time and nobody was used to it. We had more psychos on New Georgia than we have had altogether since then."

On New Georgia, Fox Company's favorite aid man, Pfc. Frank Petracca of Cleveland, lost his life while saving those of some of his buddies. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"He was really a swell fellow," says Sgt. John. "He was the biggest clown in the company. Smiled and joked all the time. All the time tried to talk us into letting him go on patrols as a rifleman."

From New Georgia the 37th went to Guadalcanal for two months' "rest and training," or as Sgt. Rishel puts it, "mostly training."

"We were offered three-day passes to Tulagi to go over and eat some of the Navy's ice cream," says the sergeant. "Most of the guys took the passes, but they didn't even bother to leave the company area. Just hit the bunks and slept.

"We had a parade every Saturday."

The 43d Division went down to New Zealand for reorganization and recuperation. GIs in the 37th thought they could take a little of that, too, but they thought wrong. The 129th Infantry came up from the New Hebrides and a week later the division was combat-loaded for Bougainville. It went ashore on Nov. 8, 1943—D-plus-8.

Pvt. Halley of the 129th, the man who looks upon Espiritu Santo as a possible summer resort, has ideas about Bougainville, too.

"You couldn't print what we thought of it in your paper," he says. "It was just a wet, cold, muddy jungle with everything bad about it that could be bad."

Bougainville was a small beachhead at Empress Augusta Bay protected with an elaborate perimeter and containing an intricate system of roads, wires and every sort of a service outfit imaginable. For the rear echelon, it was bakeries and movies and occasional three-cans-per-man beer parties—and buying officers' black-market whiskey, if you wanted to pay that much money.

It was also air raids that sent you from hammock or cot into a slit trench five or six times a night. It was the constant rumble of guns. It was myriads of snapping ants and mosquitoes and centipedes whose sting was so bad they made a litter case out of more than one man.

For the line companies it was all that and worse. It was patrols over mountains and icy rivers and dripping jungles. It was being constantly drenched by rain, rivers and sweat. At night it was sleeping in water-filled slit trenches with a shelter half around your head to discourage the mosquitoes.

But it was also getting over the fear complexes of New Georgia. It was learning that the Japs were not so hot after all, that our patrols could catch and knock out more Japs than the Jap patrols could catch and knock out Yanks. It was learning that the Jap soldier is, as often as not, cocky and foolish and will walk into an ambush.

It was sitting behind your own perimeter and letting the Japs come up and then blasting hell out of them with 5,000 rounds of 105 and 155 in a single night. It was counting over 1,000 Jap dead in half the concentration area the next morning.

It was gaining confidence in yourselves and your officers and knowing how artillery and air power can help. It was important.

It was also boring.

THE XIV Corps, of which the 37th was then a part, finally turned Bougainville over to the Australians, and the division was again combat-loaded. From Christmas Eve of 1944 through New Year's Day a week later the division sat on ships at the Navy's Admiralty Islands anchorage, each man getting ashore twice to play ball with the Navy and drink a little beer.

The Luzon landing came on Jan. 9. The 37th went in at Dagupan without hitting hardly anything and then drove for Manila. It ran into its first opposition in the hills near Clark Field, Luzon's largest air base. Leaving the 129th Infantry to guard the MSR in that area and generally clean out Ft. Stotsenberg, the 145th and 148th Infantry leap-frogged each other straight on down the Luzon Valley to Manila. The 129th joined them there later.

The 1st Cavalry didn't beat the 37th into Manila by a great deal. While the dehorsed Infantry released internees at the Santo Tomas concentration camp, the 37th fought through to liberate other civilians and PWs at Bilibid prison.

Just entering the city, Charlie Company of the 148th Infantry slugged through a gruesome scrap to drive the Japs out of Paco Cemetery, where the enemy had holed up in concrete-and-marble crypts. The 148th also fought the Battle of the Balintawak Brewery, punching holes in vats and drinking helmetfuls of beer.

Elements of some half-dozen divisions fought in Manila before the campaign was over, but primarily the job belonged to the 37th. The division knocked down the walls of Intramuros, Manila's famed Walled City, marking the first time in five centuries that this fortress had been successfully stormed. Fox Company of the 148th Infantry was the assault outfit, and it followed the preceding barrage so closely that some shells were still in the air when the signal was given to shove off.

S/Sgt. Wallace McNeil of Iron Mountain, Mich., was first man into the main gap in the walls. "First in, first out," he said, but he wasn't first out. He was lucky; first out were the casualties.

The 37th also cleaned out most of the government buildings just outside Intramuros, south of the Pasig River. The 148th's Charlie Company sweated through its toughest job in the Legislative building, fighting on the top stories while a fire raged on the ground floor right below. It lost some of its men when fire exploded one of its own 155 duds.

Other units cleaned out the fish-pond area around the North Harbor district, wading through water up to their chins.

By the time the fighting part of the Battle of Manila had ended, people were saying that the 37th was washed up, that it would be out of action for a long time. The division had suffered almost 4,000 casualties. When the fighting slacked down, some battalions were given MP brassards and put to work restoring order in the city. Most of the division's GIs figured they probably would be doing that for months to come.

But almost immediately after Manila fell, the 129th Infantry hit the road for Baguio to help out its old brother regiments of the 33rd Division. They had been fighting there in the mountains for months. The 129th, making a run around end, got in first and put up a sign reading: "Welcome 33rd Division."

Down in the Manila area, meanwhile, after getting five weeks of MP duty—"best damned duty since New Zealand"—units of the 145th were sent in for what turned out to be the toughest of Fox Company's many scraps. Attached to the 6th Division, they went into the Wawa Dam sector on April 17, and were assigned to a sector on Mt. Pacawagan. When the 6th Division was relieved by the 38th, the 145th Infantry stayed on. Fox Company was on the mountain for a month. It went in with 128 men and came out with 41. Jap 155s did most of it.

According to T/Sgt. Frank J. Ward of Benton Harbor, Mich., one of the old-timers, Mt. Pacawagan was worse than New Georgia, Bougainville and Manila combined.

"You never heard of Mt. Pacawagan, did you?" Sgt. Ward is likely to ask a little bitterly. "I guess no one has. While we were up there the war in Europe ended. I imagine people at home were too busy celebrating that to read about places with names like Mt. Pacawagan."

Compared with the Solomons, Manila, and even Baguio, the 37th's last campaign, which was the 225-mile hike up the Cayagan Valley to link with the 11th Airborne, was something of a breeze. It was notable chiefly for the number of prisoners brought in. The total at last count reached 1,303.

The captures became a casual, routine job. Beyond Iligan, a mop-up patrol could pitch a phosphorus grenade into a dugout and flush out as many as nine Japs. They didn't offer a bit of trouble. In one case, a Jap volunteered to go back down into the dugout and pitch up his squad's belongings so that the patrol could make its choice of souvenirs. Later a GI in the division's G-2 language section told this gang of Japs to dig foxholes for the whole section. The Japs obliged promptly and dug roomy, deep ones.

"They've had a lot of practice," an interpreter explained.

After its link-up with the 11th Airborne, the division drew the job of patrolling the mountain trails up which the Japs had scurried from the valley. These patrols were rarely in anything more than company strength. It was mop-up work.

The rest of the division loafed in bivouac areas, talking mostly about the new point system, wondering when divisions from Europe were coming to relieve them, wondering where the next landing would be.

The mopping-up and the loafing and the wondering stopped abruptly when the rumors mounted to a peak and suddenly there really was VJ-Day. The men of the 37th had been ready for a heavyweight job on their next detail, but you couldn't find anybody beefing about missing it.

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GI Questions from [illegible]ls

YANK continues its question and answer series on the GI Bill with a section on what the bill offers veterans who want to go back to the farm.

By Sgt. MAX NOVACK
YANK Staff Writer

LIKE the other sections of the GI Bill of Rights, the farm-loan provisions have brought a number of questions from YANK *readers. Here are some of the most frequently asked questions, plus the answers.*

Earlier pages in this series dealt with problems raised by the educational benefits and the business-loan provisions of the Bill of Rights. Future pages will cover housing loans and unemployment compensation.

I was stationed in Canada for more than six months before shipping over here to Germany. I liked Canada and am thinking of the possibility of buying a Canadian farm tract and building a home on it so I can have both a farm and a home. Could I get a loan for this purpose under the GI Bill?

■ Nope. While the law does permit you to combine your home and farm on the one tract of land, you will not get a loan guarantee if you wish to set up your home or buy a farm in a foreign country. No loan under the GI Bill of Rights will be approved if it is for a business, home or farm outside the United States, its territories or possessions.

How soon after I am discharged do I have to apply for my farm loan in order to make sure that I will not lose out on my right to this benefit of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You will probably have lots of time to look around for a sound investment after you get out of service. Under the GI Bill of 1944, a veteran must apply for such benefits within two years after he is discharged or two years after the officially declared termination of the war, whichever is later. It might be well for you to remember that the U. S. was not officially out of the first World War until July, 1921. Legislation is now pending to extend the two-year period to six years.

I already own a farm, and when I get out of service I would like to modernize and improve my property. For example, I would like to buy some modern machinery and add to my livestock and generally repair the buildings on my farm to make up for the neglect from which they have suffered during the four years that I have been in service. Can I count on getting a loan guarantee for such purposes?

■ You can. So long as the price you are going to pay for the livestock and equipment does not exceed the reasonable normal value as determined by appraisal, you can expect the approval of the Veterans' Administration for your loan. Guarantees will be granted if the funds are to be used to purchase land, buildings, livestock, equipment, machinery or implements, or in altering or improving any buildings or equipment to be used in farming operations conducted by a veteran.

Will the Veterans' Administration loan me the cash with which to buy a farm? Or do I have to be able to go out and get the cash from a bank before I can go to the Veterans' Administration for their okay on my farm loan?

■ The Veterans' Administration does not loan any money. The money must be borrowed from an outside source. For example, you may borrow your money from a bank, a money-lending agency or an individual who is capable of servicing your loan. All that the Veterans' Administration will do for you is guarantee 50 percent of your loan up to $4,000.

Does a veteran have to pay a brokerage fee in order to get a farm loan guarantee under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ No. Commissions, brokerage or similar charges may not legally be assessed against a veteran for getting him a loan guarantee.

What is the maximum rate of interest which may be charged and who pays the interest on a farm loan?

■ The maximum interest is four percent a year. Most of the interest has to be paid by the veteran. During the first year of a loan the Veterans' Administration pays the interest on that part of the loan which it guarantees. Thus, if you get a $4,000 loan, the VA will pay the interest on $2,000, or $80, during the first year of the loan. You will have to pay the other $80 for that year and all the interest on the balance of the loan for as long after as necessary.

I am an aviation cadet and I have been reading about the farm loans, and now I am wondering if it will pay me to be commissioned? Will I lose out on the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights by becoming an officer?

■ You will not. You will have the same right to the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights that any other veteran has. Both former enlisted men and officers are entitled to these benefits so long as they have had at least 90 days service and been discharged with something better than a dishonorable discharge.

When I am discharged I plan to go to an agricultural college and learn something about farming. Before I entered the service I worked on a farm for only a few months, and I feel I will need the additional training before I can undertake a farm of my own. Will the government permit me to go to school for a couple of years and then help me with a farm loan under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ A veteran may take advantage of two or more benefits of the law. Therefore, you will be permitted both to attend school (under the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights) and apply for a farm loan. By attending an agricultural school you will be able to get enough knowledge of farming to meet the Veterans' Administration's rule that the veteran must have some farming experience to qualify for a loan. Veterans' Administration regulations state that "agricultural courses in schools of recognized standing" will be considered in deciding whether a veteran has sufficient knowledge about farming to make good.

When I get my discharge I am planning on buying a farm with a friend of mine who has not been in service. The way we figure it is this. It certainly will take quite a bit of hard work to get a farm started, and the two of us should be able to supply enough manpower to overcome the difficulties of getting farm labor. Will the fact that I, as a veteran, want to team up with a non-veteran hurt my chances of getting a loan guarantee?

■ It will not. The guarantee in such a case would apply only to your loan and could not exceed 50 percent of your interest. Under no circumstances could such a loan cover any part of the interest of a non-veteran.

We have had so many bull sessions on the GI Bill of Rights that I am convinced that none of us know what we are talking about any more. For example, some of the boys insist that a veteran can get a farm loan only if he picks a farm of a certain size. The way they put it is this. Unless the farm is under 10 acres, a vet cannot get a loan approved. Are they right?

■ They are not. There is no limit to the size of the farm which a veteran can tackle. However, since a farm loan is to some extent based on anticipated income, the property would normally have to be large enough to produce a profit.

When I got out of the Army I took a job in a local garage. I have been saving my money and now I would like to put the money into a farm with the help of a loan under the GI Bill of Rights. However, I don't want to give up my job in the garage and I would like to get a tenant farmer and put him on the property. I figure I could drop out to the farm a couple of times a month and see how things were going. If I do that, will I be able to swing the loan?

■ You will not. The farm must be personally directed and operated by you if you want the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. You can hire all the help you need—and you don't have to live on the farm—but you must be in a position to supervise the farming yourself.

I already own a farm and when I get out I plan to put it back into operation. Can I get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights to be used to pay my operating expenses on the farm until my first crop comes in?

■ No. The law limits the purposes for which funds may be used under a guarantee. Such funds may not be used for working or operating expenses. However, a veteran who operates a farm is treated as a person in business for himself and may receive, in the form of unemployment compensation, the difference between what he earns from the farm and $100 a month up to a maximum of 52 weeks. The unemployment compensation should help you keep your farm in operation until your first crop comes in.

I am planning on buying a truck farm with the aid of a GI Bill of Rights loan. The location of my farm would be such as to make it easy for me to deliver my vegetables to local markets directly. To do that I will need a car. Would part of the loan money be okayed to buy a car?

■ Yes. But only if the automobile is necessary and is actually to be used in the conduct of your farming operation.

Where do Regular Army men stand so far as farm loans are concerned? Will I have to leave the service in order to be able to take advantage of the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You will. While both Regulars and Selectees are entitled to these benefits, a man has to be a veteran before he becomes eligible for the provisions of the law.

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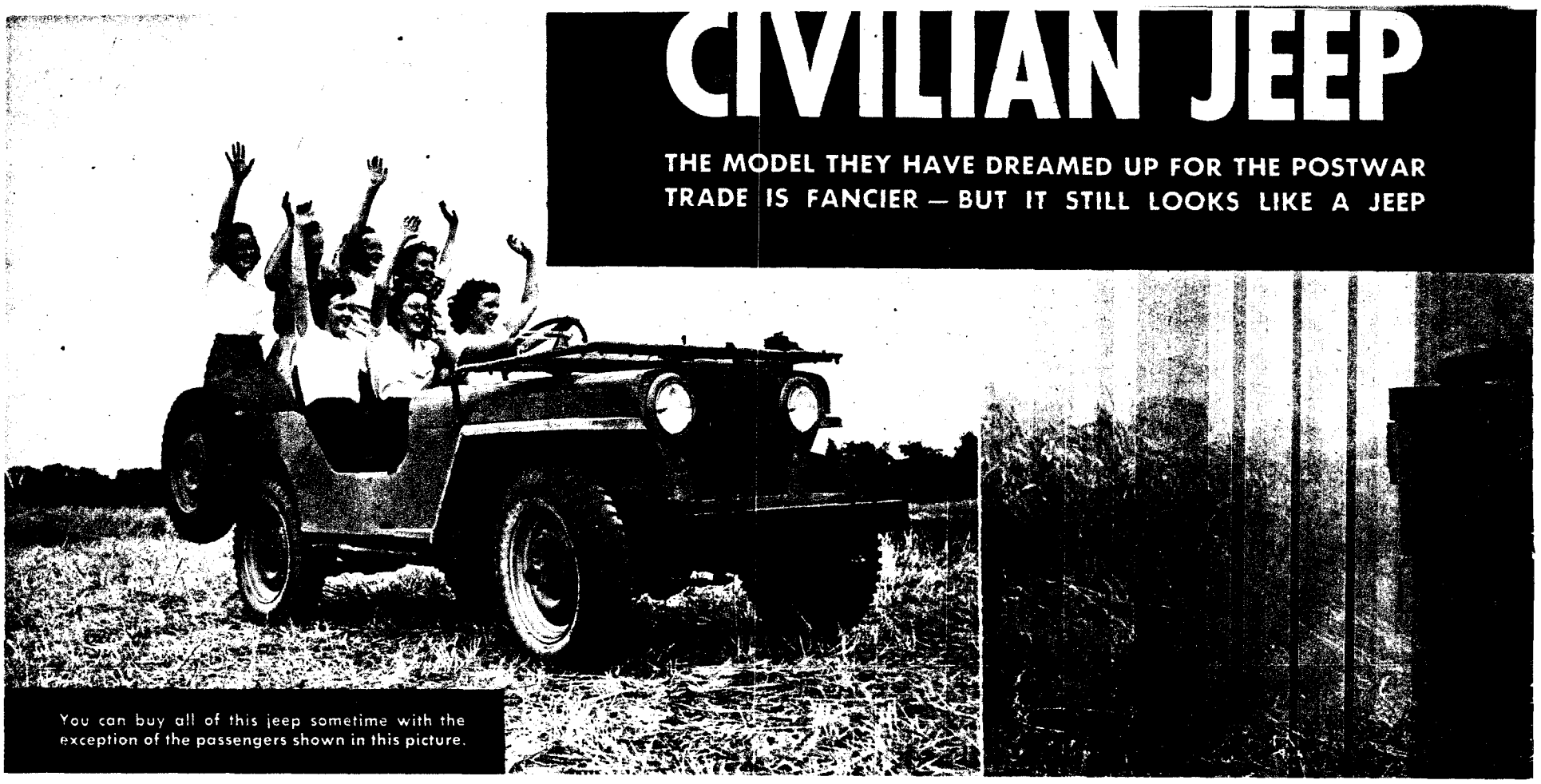
CIVILIAN JEEP

THE MODEL THEY HAVE DREAMED UP FOR THE POSTWAR TRADE IS FANCIER — BUT IT STILL LOOKS LIKE A JEEP



You can buy all of this jeep sometime with the exception of the passengers shown in this picture.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

TOLEDO, OHIO—On a farm in Hudson County, Mich., the little blitz buggy of World War II, the jeep, donned civilian clothes and, just like most GIs, looked a helluva lot better out of ODs.

Willys-Overland, which is taking a keen, commercial interest in helping the jeep to make the switch-over from Army to civilian life, put 30 of the new models through their paces. Before a large crowd of farmers, soldiers and newspapermen the new jeep positively failed to whistle "Lili Marlene" in C sharp minor.

But judging by what went on out here in Michigan, the jeep may become as familiar around the farm as that Castoria ad on the barn roof. The jeep has seen Paree, and some other places, but according to its sponsors, the farm is the place where it is chiefly going to keep itself down on in this postwar era.

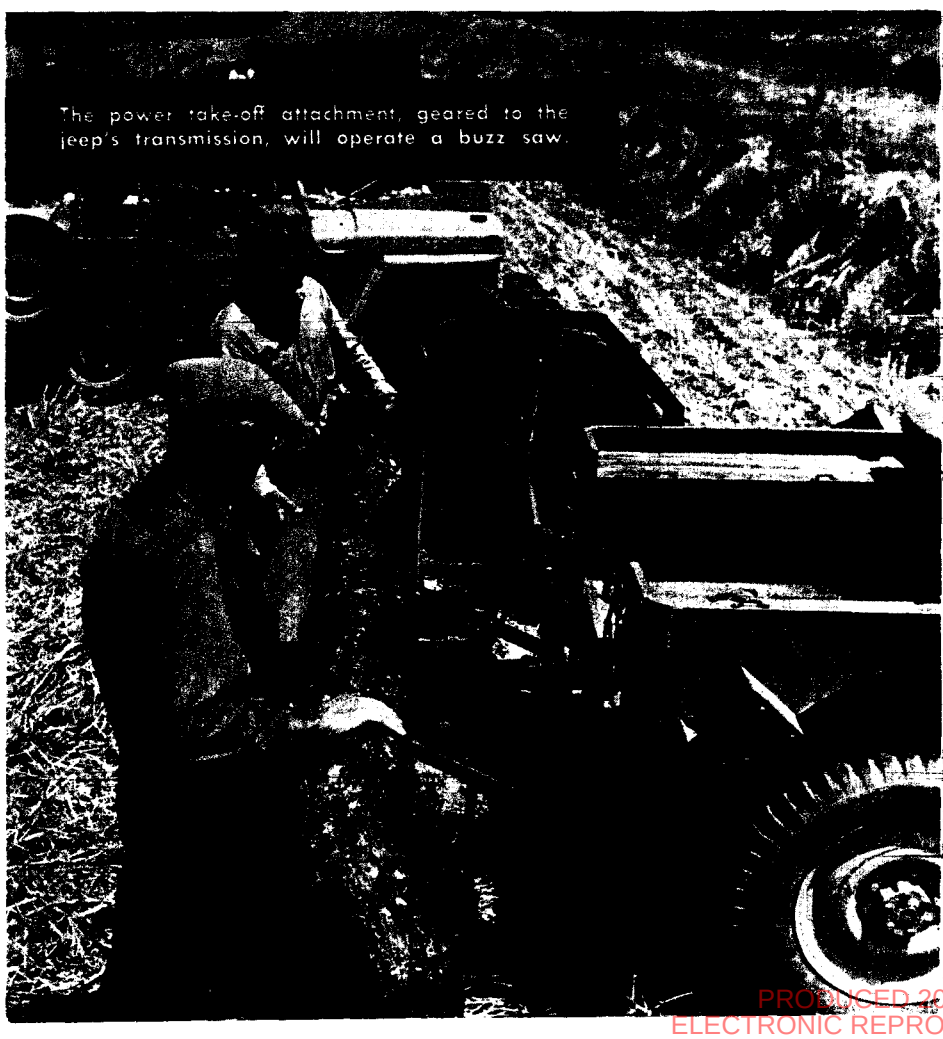
Government surveys have unearthed the fact that three-fourths of the nation's farms lack mechanical equipment. The jeep, its manufacturers say, combines the basic functions of a tractor, a light truck, a mobile power unit and a utility car. They reason, accordingly, that it will be the answer to the farmer's prayer. At the demonstration there was at least one farmer who agreed with them. "I wanted to buy one just outta curiosity," he said, "but after what I've seen today I ain't curious. That little car's goin' to be a lifesaver."

The most significant change in the civilian jeep is the new power take-off attachment. This gadget, geared to the jeep's transmission, will drive any type of farming equipment. With the take-off attached, here are some of the things a jeep can do: It can shred corn, fill a silo, operate a winch, dig post holes, drill water wells, bale hay and operate a saw mill—with, of course, the aid of human hands. On all of these operations it can deliver up to 30 hp.

The new jeep has the same engine as its brother in ODs, but the gear ratios in the transmission and axles have been changed. With the new gear ratio the jeep can reputedly adapt itself to any type of farming terrain and to any speed that the job may require. The jeep can slow down to a farm pace of 7.5 miles an hour or go spinning down the highway at 60. It positively cannot outdistance the P-80 Shooting Star, however.

Optimists estimate that the jeep can perform more than 45 different operations on the farm. They say they can prove their case on the basis of the records the civilian jeep has hung up in tests at experimental farm stations in the U. S. and Canada.

In Texas the jeep rode the range and checked stock—or rather the man in it checked stock, the jeep being unable to count as yet—in half an hour; ordinarily, the chore required half a day. In a rice field in Arkansas, where the combination of dykes and levees and gumbo-like



The power take-off attachment, geared to the jeep's transmission, will operate a buzz saw.

Here, with jeep's tail board down, is the power attachment, to make milk-shakes or cut trees

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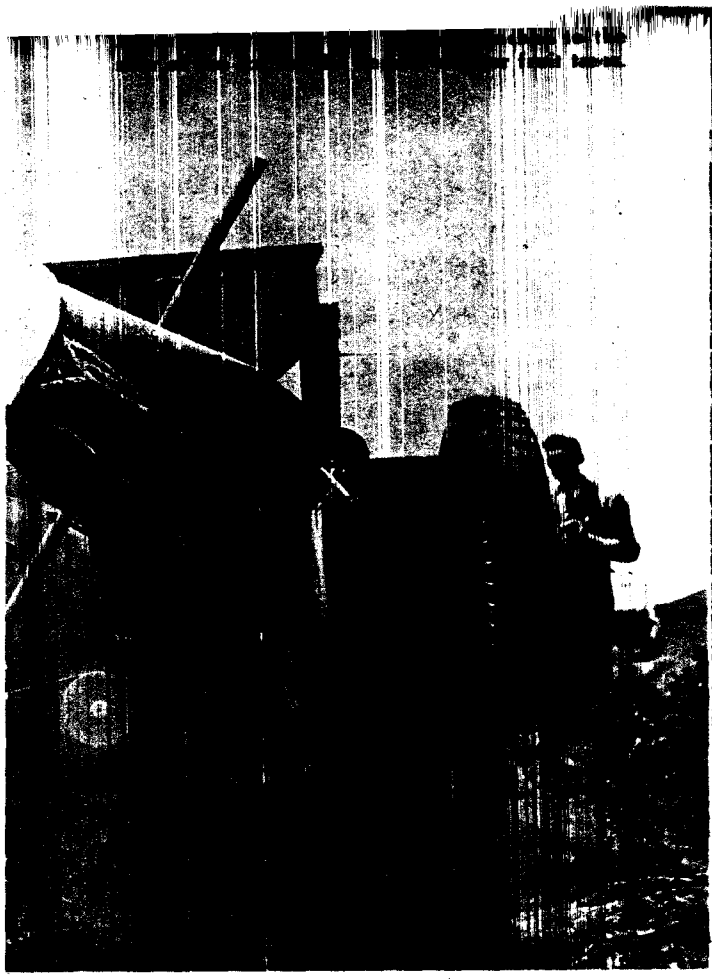
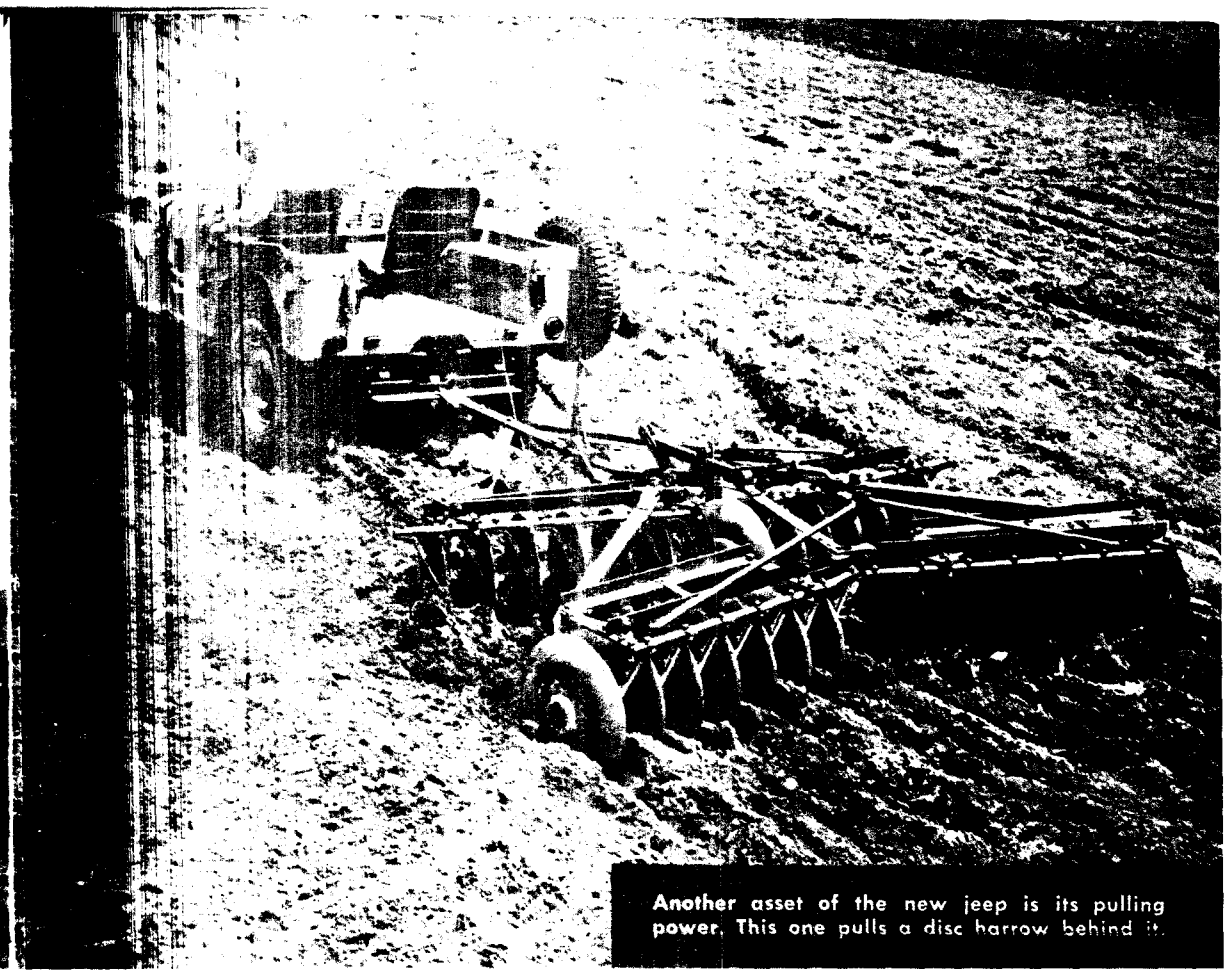




Another asset of the new jeep is its pulling power. This one pulls a disc harrow behind it.

soil makes plowing extremely tough, the jeep negotiated the narrow rows with no trouble.

In contour plowing in upstate New York the jeep maintained its equilibrium; thanks to the four-wheel drive it never jammed the earth. In a western state the U. S. Forestry Service is using two jeeps as a team to fight fires. One jeep carries a crew of four men and the other jeep hauls the water tank, power pump and hand tools.

The uses of the postwar jeep, its sponsors claim, won't be limited to farming and fire-fighting. With its handy power take-off and other attachments the jeep can be employed to operate small electric plants, move railroad yard freight and plow snow. And it may possibly invade the trucking business—a jeep will pull a trailer load of 5,500 pounds over the highway with adequate reserve for steep grades.

Without a doubt, the jeep, in off-hours, will be one of the biggest boons of all to the postwar cupid industry. With a jeep, lovers can be assured of privacy. As one wise guy, apparently a friend of a farmer's daughter, said at the demonstration: "The jeep can take me and my girl so far out of this world that we will have to get back by compass."

Willys-Overland, however, does not intend to use this particular plug in its postwar advertising.

Most of the innovations in the civilian jeep are aimed at achieving all-around usefulness. A new combustion chamber has been designed to give increased power, and there is a new radiator shroud that will provide better cooling for long-stretch low-speed driving on farms. The clutch is larger and has been reinforced and the gear shift now sits on the steering wheel, making the front seats much roomier. With linkage changes, the jeep handles much more easily and takes a much sharper turn than the GI version.

Despite all the changes, the jeep looks much the same and you won't be mistaking it for a Mack truck. There is one change you will like simply for its labor-saving value. When you want to fill up with gas you don't have to get out of the car and lift up the driver's seat to get at the gas cap. On the civilian jeep the gas cap is on the outside, just behind the driver's seat. The jeep now has standard 7-inch headlights, an automatic windshield wiper, a tail gate.

Willys-Overland officials have got round to giving some thought to the posteriors of jeep drivers. They've finally taken cognizance of the terrific wallop a jeep bounce can pack and have installed better shock absorbers and springs. The seats on the civilian jeep are padded with nice, fat cushions.

At the demonstration here a GI who had driven a jeep over Italy's rugged mountains for 18 months kept patting the cushions as if they were precious antiques. "From here on in," the GI said, "I can look at a jeep without getting a pain in the backside, like I used to get in Italy."

Two companies—Willys-Overland and Ford—were responsible for the 500,000 Army jeeps that traveled over 10 billion miles during the war. Ford stopped military production in July and has no intention of making jeeps for civilian use. But civilian jeeps have been trickling off the Willys-Overland production line in Toledo at the rate of eight a day. Until the war in the Pacific was over, the company's main job was to furnish jeeps to the forces out there. Before VJ-Day the company got War Production Board permission to make 20,000 civilian jeeps this year, 70,000 next year. With the war over, civilian production should rise.

The price of the civilian jeep will surprise a lot of people who thought this midget would be an inexpensive postwar item. A jeep without accessories will cost $1,050, f. o. b. Toledo. The best things in life continue to require an awful lot of folding money.

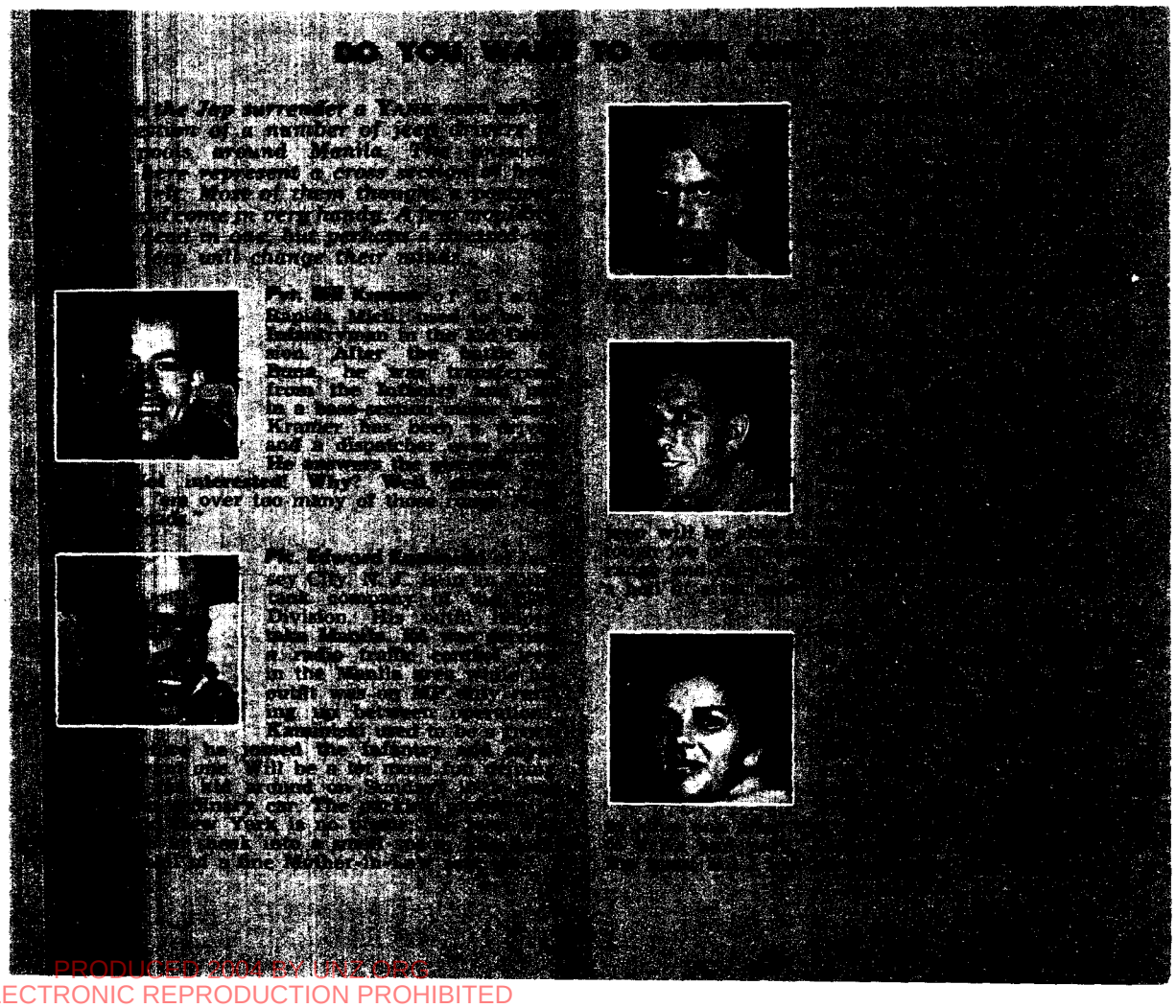
The jeep, though, will save money on gasoline. On the road, its sponsors say, it will get a minimum of 20 miles to a gallon of gas, and in a farm test the jeep plowed 400 acres at an hourly rate of 1¼ acres, consuming only two gallons of gas each hour.

Officials asked the GIs present at the Hudson County demonstration to squawk if they didn't like anything about the new jeep. One GI came through with a very constructive criticism. "You don't have 'em painted in enough colors," he complained.

"We have them in gray, tan, blue and brown," a hurt company man pointed out. "Don't these colors give enough variety?"

"They do not," said the doughfoot. "Paint 'em pink, purple and orange. Paint 'em any color you like but get as far away from that lousy OD shade as possible. Personally, I want a pink one."

The manufacturers think the dough may have something there. How do you want your jeep—in cerise or violet?



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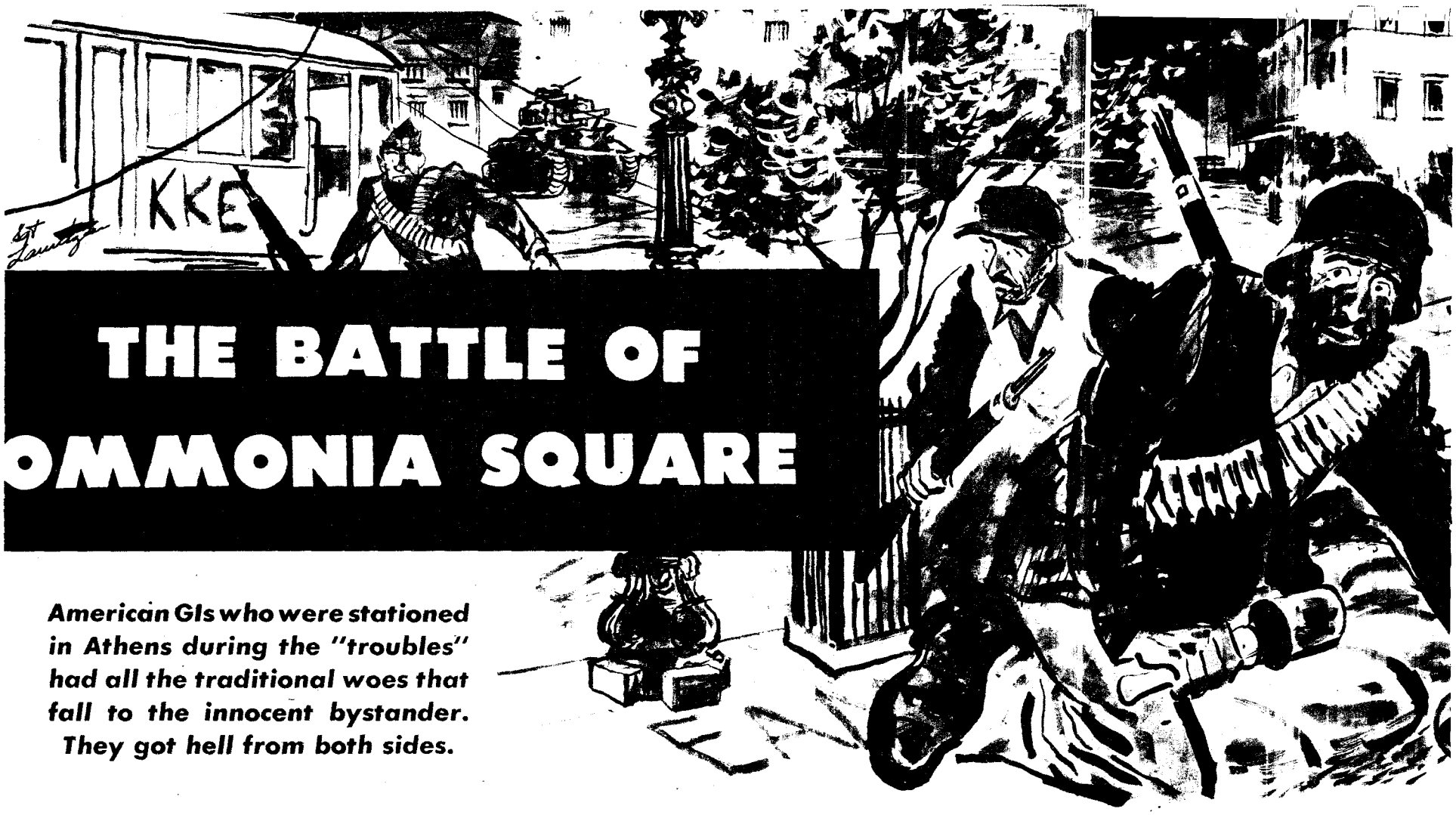

THE BATTLE OF OMMONIA SQUARE

American GIs who were stationed in Athens during the "troubles" had all the traditional woes that fall to the innocent bystander. They got hell from both sides.

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATHENS, GREECE—About a week before the Greek revolution of December, 1944, Cpl. Gregory Lutz of Chicago and two other GIs drifted into a little gin mill on a side street in Athens.

Anyone with less than 20/20 vision might not have seen the entrance to the place; it was below street level, at the bottom of a dark, stone stairway. Inside wasn't much lighter. Little iron tables and green basket chairs, the type of furniture more commonly found in parks, were jumbled together haphazardly around a small, square, worn patch of dance floor.

Cpl. Lutz and his companions ordered a drink, then rested their backs against the bar and looked the place over.

There were one or two drab murals of nude women drinking cocktails. At the end of the room there was a large poster of the Waldorf Astoria in New York when the hotel was still on Fifth Avenue, indicating, possibly, that the owner of this place had worked there long ago.

There was one couple on the dance floor. The girl was shaking her plump Greek hips trying to teach a thin young man how to jitterbug. He watched her feet dubiously. She moved enthusiastically but incoherently, as if she had learned to jitterbug from the movies.

"Let's go while we still like it," Lutz said. But just as he put down his glass five Greek guerrillas walked in. There were four men and one woman. One of the men had a square beard which made him look like Pilar's husband in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." The woman wore sergeant's stripes and an ammunition belt looped over her breasts and around her waist. She carried a Bren gun by its sling as casually as if it had been a handbag. Together the guerrillas seemed to be toting sufficient ammunition for a 10-day siege.

The woman sat down first. The ammunition belt made her look stouter than she really was. She was quite pretty. One of the GIs with Lutz whistled softly the tune that goes, "Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down."

In two days' time these guerrillas would be expected to hand in their arms, but they carried them with such a definite pride that they seemed as likely to part with them voluntarily as they would with their limbs.

Next to Marines on leave in Los Angeles, the guerrillas were the most uninhibited soldiers Lutz had ever seen. One of them walked across the room, swiped an orange from a fruit dish and began bouncing it off the walls, as if the night club were a handball court. No one paid any attention to him. The one with the square beard lounged in a chair, with his feet spraddled out in comfort, toying with a hand grenade—a German potato masher. He had three more of them stuck under his belt.

When the Americans had left the café and were walking home, Lutz said: "Do you know there's going to be a revolution?"

"Sure," one of his friends answered, "but we're not supposed to talk about it, see?"

BUT by the following week, they were in plenty of trouble. As when a summer storm comes up and a breeze like a suggestive hand passes over nature, bending the trees and rippling the surface of the water, so Athens became set for the revolution. There was the feeling that everything was waiting. There were little preliminary outbursts. Once the Americans saw a little boy pulling a hand cart piled with old rags up a hill. Suddenly the child let go of the handle, and the cart rolled down the hill and underneath a truck, where it exploded. There had been dynamite hidden in it. Another time they saw an old woman sitting on a balcony, presumably knitting. As a truck went by she fished a hand grenade out of her knitting basket. In a second, the truck was on fire.

By Dec. 3, the revolution hadn't officially started, but there was sniping in Ommonia Square, where the Americans were billeted. Regular duty was stopped and the Yanks were ordered to stay inside. S/Sgt. Ray Miller was the first casualty. He was standing by a window when a bullet entered one of his wrists and came out of his forearm. The British patrolled the streets in armored cars and Sherman tanks, trying to keep traffic lanes open.

As in all wars, no one thought this one would last more than a few days. The Americans kept off the streets as much as possible, and whenever they had to go out, the Greeks shouted, "Roosevelt, Roosevelt!" cheering like a football crowd. Some of the natives even thought that Roosevelt was coming to Athens to arbitrate.

By Dec. 7, the 23 officers and 137 enlisted men of the ATC detachment in Athens were sitting on the front line of a first-class revolution. They were billeted in a hotel in Ommonia Square. ELAS forces held the area surrounding the square behind them, and the British and Royalists held the square itself. The neutral Americans were in the middle, and to them it seemed as it might have in Switzerland, if Switzerland had been on the Siegfried Line.

The war lasted 45 days. Two days before it ended, ELAS blasted in one side of the Americans' hotel in an attempt to storm the square; the British blasted in the other side to stop them. But a lot happened before this climax.

About as big as Columbus Circle in New York, Ommonia Square is a congested place, surrounded by cafés and hotels. In its center is a subway station, reached by two entrances on opposite sides of the square. From a strategic point of view, the area was important because it controlled all the roads out of Athens and an underground railway to Piraeus, Athens' seaport. The British blockaded the streets with barbed wire and covered them with machineguns.

One week of war turned Ommonia Square into a junk yard. Streetcar cables and telephone wires trailed along the ground like grapevines tumbled in a storm. The ELAS troops had only machineguns, rifles and a few mortars but they used these with such intensity and with such an unlimited supply of ammunition that, incredible as it seems, large buildings were torn down by small-arms fire. Lead fell like hailstones in such quantities that you could scoop it off the streets. Streetcars which had stalled in the square were so bullet-riddled that they seemed to be rotting away. Every morning, on top of the rubble, there would be a fresh layer of leaflets dropped by British planes. Later in the day, the paper became dirty and looked like grimy snow.

With continuous daily cross-fire, week after week, the war seemed to the Americans to have

She fished a grenade out of her knitting basket.

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reached a stalemate. Every day they would see the same Sherman tank rumble past their mess-hall window and lob shells into the guts of a building held by ELAS. Same tank, same time, same building.

At first, ELAS didn't seem to have a chance, but the guerrillas were such excellent marksmen and were concealed so well on the rooftops that it began to appear likely the war would go on forever. The Americans would go to bed at night hoping that when they woke up it would be over. But next morning they would look out of the window and see German helmets emerging slowly on the skyline, almost as inevitably as the sun's rising. The ELAS men wore the odds and ends of three armies—German, Italian and British.

ONE of the snipers had a rifle of a very small caliber. All day long it pop-pop-popped like an air gun. "He was on the hour, every hour," one of the Americans said later. "We got to know that guy like the CQ." At frequent intervals, a Sherman tank would roll into the Square, park in front of the Yanks' hotel and blast away at the place in which the guerrilla was hiding. By that time, however, the sniper would have run down to the basement. The pop-pop-pop continued until the last day of the revolution.

Between midday and one o'clock, the civilians would come out into the streets to hunt for food. There was no official truce, but the firing, although it continued during that hour, was not quite so intense. The noonday foraging was something the civilians hit upon spontaneously. It was still unsafe, but there was the comforting illusion of safety in numbers. The lull was put to good advantage, too, by members of the ELAS forces, who took off their uniforms, hid their rifles and came out to look over the military situation as if they were innocently searching for food, like the rest.

When the fighting first started, the enlisted men of the ATC detachment were billeted in the Banghion Hotel and the officers were billeted across the square in the Cosmopolite Hotel. Since the mess hall was in the officers' hotel, the enlisted men had to walk across the square three times a day. It was enough to ruin anyone's appetite. Cpl. Pervis L. Hayes of Stuttgart, Ark., and Pfc. George Simmons of Seattle, Wash., caught a burst of shrapnel from an ELAS hand grenade slung over the top of a building by some kind of catapult. They were in the hospital for weeks. Finally the enlisted men evacuated the Banghion Hotel and moved into the Cosmopolite with the officers.

But the Cosmopolite was by no means a "safe hotel." The "Battle of the Bath House" raged continuously. The Bath House was a tall building directly behind the Cosmopolite. The ELAS forces wanted it because its height would give them a clear view of Ommonia Square. The Americans never were sure from one day to the next who was in control of it.

With a war at their back door, the Americans were often hopelessly entangled. What they would have done without a few Greek-speaking GIs to intervene no one knows. A group of GIs

He got to his feet and began cursing in Greek.

She swung herself through the skylight.

were playing cards one night when they heard something scratching against the wall outside, just above one of the windows of the room they were in. A second later a bundle of dynamite came dangling into view.

T/Sgt. Pete Brotsis of Los Angeles, one of the Greek-Americans, rushed over to the window, stuck his head out and yelled something justifiably profane.

With relief the men saw the dynamite being hauled back. From up on the roof a voice shouted in Greek: "Oh, you're American? We thought there were British here."

BROTSIS could always be relied on to curse effectively when things got tough. One day he had to go to the bakery, which was next door to the police station, which drew quite a lot of fire. ELAS had tried to take the place for weeks. Brotsis was half way across the Square when a sniper opened up. Instinctively, Brotsis flattened himself on the ground, but only for a moment. Then he got to his feet and began cursing in Greek for about five minutes. His language was so effective that the sniper stood up on the top of a building, where he was a perfect target for the British, held out his arms piteously and asked for forgiveness. He offered every possible excuse: he had not seen the American flag on Brotsis' field jacket; it was misty; he had a hangover, etc. Finally, he pleaded that Brotsis come and see his captain so that a formal apology could be made. Brotsis replied that the captain could take a flying jump at the moon.

ELAS would always apologize elaborately if one of its members accidentally violated American neutrality. There was the time, for instance, when the ATC borrowed a truck from the RAF and inadvisably left it parked outside the Cosmopolite Hotel. Next morning it was gone, but a polite note, signed by ELAS, had been left with the desk clerk. "If this truck belongs to the Americans," it read, "we will give it back immediately, but if it belongs to the British we intend to keep it."

One night eight of the Americans were playing a brand of poker which they had invented while they were sweating out the war at the Cosmopolite Hotel, a game called, approximately, "S - - - in Ommonia Square." They had reached the point where they were [illegible]uing about who owned the money in the pot, when a terrific explosion shook the building. They all ducked to the floor but no one's hand left the table. Still holding down their chips and cards, they asked each other what had happened.

It turned out that ELAS had just blasted into the Bath House next door. The Americans immediately put in a standing order with the Greeks to notify them if any more buildings were going to be blown near the Cosmopolite Hotel. The ELAS forces agreed and kept their word in a most prompt fashion when, a few hours later, a little girl of 14, fully equipped with cartridge belts and guerrilla paraphernalia, approached the GI guard on the top floor of the hotel. She explained that her outfit was going to blow up a building catty-corner across from the Cosmopolite. "We have to use dynamite," she apologized, "to block the road and prevent the British tanks from moving down the street. Stay in the basement until you have heard three explosions."

"When is all this going to happen?" the bewildered guard asked the jeep-sized guerrilla.

"Right now," she said, and swun herself through the skylight.

The guard almost keeled over, but managed to run off and wake the detachment. The first explosion went off just as the last men got in the cellar.

During this delicate international situation, a civilian liaison man named Charles Dewing was assigned to the Americans to help steer them clear of trouble. He advised the British and the guerrillas of ATC movements, and both sides were supposed to keep in touch with him. He was a cocky little man with a great flair for neutrality, and he had quite a dangerous job touring around the city. On important missions he smoked a huge cigar. It was too big for his face, but he would say, "If I'm going to die, I'm going to die with a big cigar in my mouth." With that he would throw away a half smoked cigar, light up a fresh one and step out into the square.

Dewing would pop up in the most unexpected places. ELAS and the British got to know him very well. The rank-and-file of both sides thought he was quite a character. In a battle they looked for him in the same way that people look for Mayor LaGuardia at a fire.

Except for the cooks, the guards and the couriers, the Americans didn't have much to do while they were sweating out the revolution, except play cards and shoot craps. The men in the finance department tried to carry on as usual, but what with inflation *plus* revolution it was pretty difficult. There were so many bills to count and so many shots coming in through the windows that accounting was as difficult as juggling on a boat during a storm.

There was a little liquor store just around the corner from the hotel, but unless a man was very thirsty the trip hardly seemed worth while. However, the men often *were* thirsty and someone always managed to pluck up enough courage to take the chance. He would go to the front door and wave his arms, and yell, "Americani!" When it seemed fairly safe he would dash around the corner, scramble over sandbags and arrive in the liquor store. There was an understanding that the guy who made this trip had the privilege of taking a few nips from the other fellows' bottles. This helped considerably. The trip back was faster and somehow it seemed a lot less dangerous.

All this time the ATC was running its field at Eleusis, about 14 miles from the city. Regular passenger service was suspended, of course, but planes kept coming in with food, and to be refueled.

Like the men in the town, the biggest problem of the ATC men at the field was that of trying to keep from becoming entangled with either the British or ELAS. If their field were bombed or torn up in a battle, planes wouldn't be able to land and the food supply would be cut off.

ON Jan. 18, ELAS blasted into the Cosmopolite Hotel through a wall on the first floor, breaking into the bedroom of the commanding officer, Maj. Joe R. McPhearson of Palm Springs, Calif. Most of the GIs were on the fourth floor at the time. They had heard pounding all night, but had thought that the ELAS forces were blasting into the Bath House next door. The Cosmopolite was a natural barrier to the square and the ELAS fighters were getting pretty desperate.

Three hours later the Americans had more company. The British, who had anticipated this move, broke into the other side of the hotel. The Americans were given five minutes to evacuate. The GIs, who had a lot of equipment and eight minor casualties, didn't think five minutes was quite long enough. Capt. Kenton MacIntyre, the intelligence and security officer, got the time extended to five hours—which was a bit more reasonable.

Five hours later the Americans had collected most of their belongings and moved into the American Embassy. The Battle of the Cosmopolite lasted 14 hours. The British won.

The Embassy was crowded, and the Americans had to sleep in the hallways for two nights. From there they moved to the Banghion Hotel, their original home on Ommonia Square. Two days later the war was over.

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By Sgt. GEORGE BARRETT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WOMEN'S COMPOUND, PW ENCLOSURE 334, FLORENCE, ITALY—"Those bitches, they're too smart to talk," the guard said, and as we walked into the large cage three *SS* girls, sun bathing in shorts and halters, pointedly looked the other way. "They hate us, and they don't hide it," the GI laughed.

The fence around the compound was high and boarded, topped by huge coils of barbed wire, but through the wide slits in the fence German male PWs marching past from a neighboring cage looked in at the women and smiled—and the *SS* women smiled back. One of the grinning young blondes scowled quickly, however, when an American MP happened to catch her eye.

There were 684 women in the cage; some were *SS*, some were just Germans, the rest were Italians, French, Yugoslavs and other nationalities who had served with the Nazi Army. Many of them slouched on the ground, or leaned in slovenly fashion against the baracks; others stared down with sour looks from their hard, wooden bunks; still others, who worked on scrubbing details, moved in deliberate and insolent disregard of any person who passed by, unless he were a German. These were, for the most part, women who had been left behind in the PW cage after other prisoners had been screened and released. Some were vicious, some were colorless, and all were being held for special investigation. One solemn, gentle-looking creature had been indicted for a war crime.

While most of the female PWs were contemptuous, a few were not at all arrogant; these were frightened and showed it, and when a guard walked through they stepped aside for him. They jumped to their feet and stood at attention in their rooms; they volunteered to work in the camp administration offices. It almost seemed that these few went out of their way to be humble and submissive to the PW authorities.

"They are nice, all right—and cooperative," said one GI. He made a grimace. "They're the opportunists; they get along with anybody, and they were just as nice and cooperative when they wore the skull-and-crossbones of the *SS* on their uniforms."

There were two GIs in the orderly room inside the women's cage, but the daily life of the compound was pretty much run by the women. There was little work to keep them busy, and aside from the few who were mopping floors or washing their clothes in outside tubs, they dozed lazily in the sun or just sat and talked. According to one *SS* girl, the talk was mostly about when they were going to go home and about politics. She said that the fanatic Nazis there were still spreading the gospel among the girls and keeping them in line. Nobody was particularly concerned, however, for as one officer put it, "They're not worth bothering with, and you couldn't re-educate them anyhow."

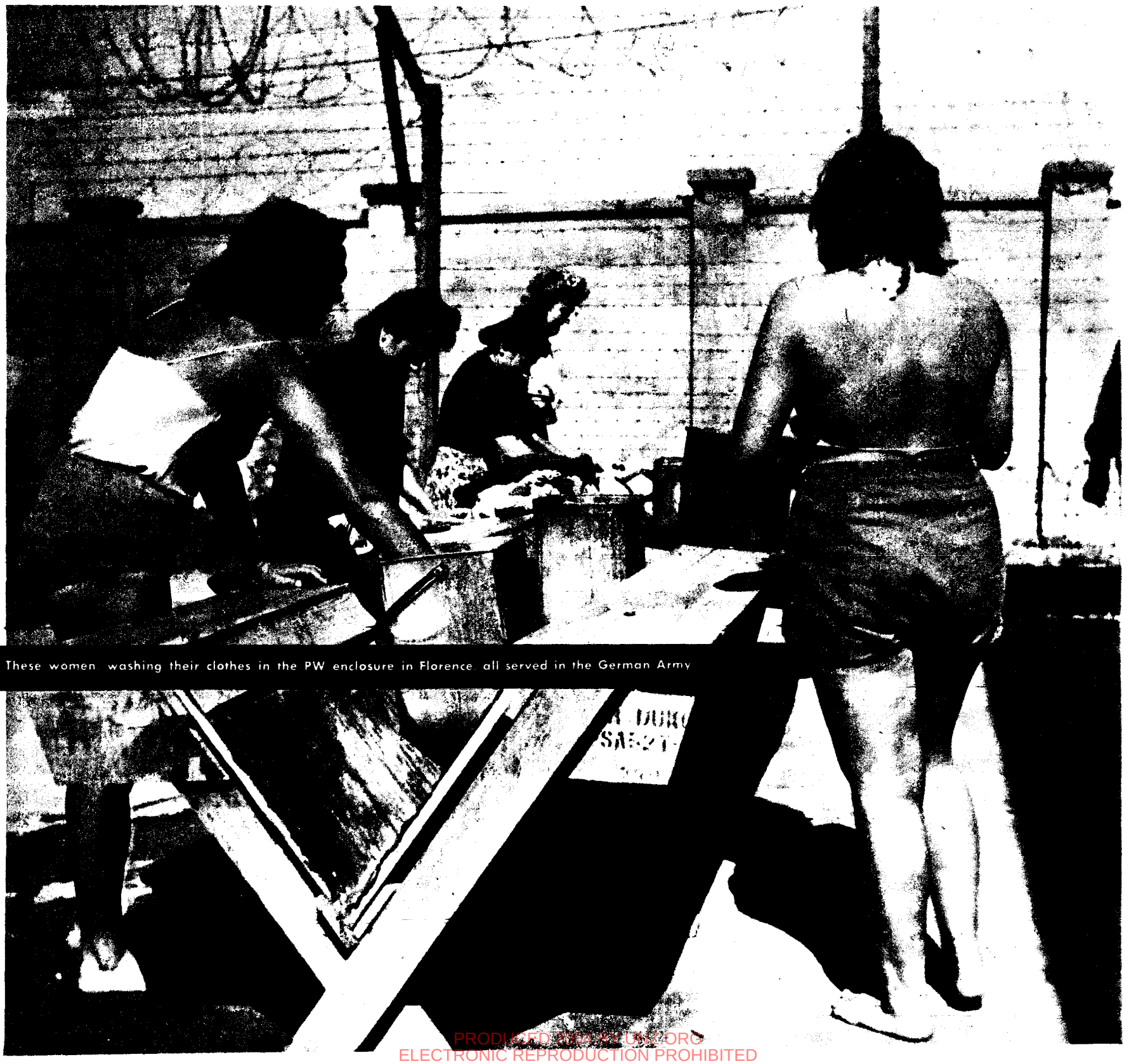
About a dozen male PWs were roaming around the compound when we entered, and one of the guards said they had been let in to shift some of the wooden bunks, as the male prisoners do all the heavy work in the women's cage. An officer came through and blew up.

"What the hell!" he shouted. "This is highly irregular, all these men here. Get rid of half of them, and soon's the other half finish the job get them the hell out of here, too."

There has been no sex problem so far, the officials said, although one girl was put into solitary confinement when she stood naked before her window to tease the men. Once or twice, naturally enough, a German girl has tried to get an American guard inside.

"Nobody falls, though," a camp officer said. "The *SS* girls would play ball, all right, but they would do it and then report the guard." He smiled. "Hasn't been anything more serious than a little footie-footie, I'd say."

The women were a widely assorted group, from 16 to 50, and there was an oppressive, morbid atmosphere in the cage. With so many females closeted together, and men being seen only at a distance or during official visits, the women were unconcerned about their appearance and walked in and out of showers and latrines with an easy disregard for male visitors. Most of them had their civilian clothes with them when they were captured, but a few of them wore standard PW blues in the cage. Some of the women were incredibly ugly, like the caricatures cartoonists draw of *SS* women; one 25-year-old prisoner shuffled listlessly in her dirty slippers, a stained smock dragging from her shoulders and a rolled cigarette dangling under



These women washing their clothes in the PW enclosure in Florence, all served in the German Army

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her dark mustache. She couldn't have looked much worse.

The German prisoners are still following their super-race nonsense, and the *SS* females object to living in the same cage with other nationalities. They complain to their guards about "those filthy guineas" and "those filthy polacks" and "those filthy French." They get 10 cents a day and free PX rations of soap and tobacco, but they squawk because they have to roll their cigarettes and because they get no nail polish, powder or cold cream.

"Let 'em bitch," a combat veteran guard said. "They don't need no paint and powder here."

The women admit they are eating better than they ever ate in the German Army, and getting white bread and coffee for the first time in many years, but they don't think they should be made to roll their own cigarettes because "it is so difficult." And they don't smile when they say it.

Some of the *SS* girls tell you they were forced into service. A 31-year-old clerk who worked in the finance section of the *SS* said she was working in an office in Berlin when one day an *SS* inspector walked in and checked off on his special list the names of girls there who were to transfer to the *SS* for duty. Her husband was dead, and she said that was the reason she was drafted, for all single girls were made to work or join the Army.

As she spoke she seemed assured and calm. She had an air of assurance as she sat quietly in her neat blue waist and trim slacks, with a military watch still on her wrist, but her neck and cheeks were flushed slightly with nervousness and she kept drawing the skin of her left hand together in quick gestures.

"It's not good to keep us here," she complained. "It makes the girls bitter and they don't even try to cooperate. We should all be sent home. It's not fair, either; just before the war ended a lot of *SS* girls—at least 50 percent—had their records changed so that when they were captured they would not be known as *SS* girls and would be quickly released. We here just didn't change our records."

As an *SS* girl, she admitted, she had had a hell of a good deal. She made 325 marks a month, and received a daily allowance of 100 lire extra while she was in Italy, all of which added up to pretty fair dough. She said she had her own apartment both in Germany and Italy (in Italy, incidentally, *SS* girls were not permitted to fraternize with civilians) and in the privacy of her rooms she was able to listen to Allied broadcasts. That's what she said. Only the day before, though, the women in the cage had replied to a questionnaire asking if they had ever listened to Allied broadcasts while in German service, and not one of them admitted having done so.

"It wasn't easy to refuse *SS* assignments," she said. "Once I had trouble in Berlin. In a street car I asked a girl friend if she thought we were going to win the war. Another girl heard me and reported it to headquarters. I was suspended and investigated, and it could easily have been my neck, but I 'knew someone.'"

Three more girls entered the room and turned things into a cow session. One was a fat, stolid 21-year-old *SS* girl who had volunteered for the skull-and-crossbones outfit because her brother was an *SS* officer. She worked in headquarters and had been a Nazi for many years, ever since she was a child. Her small, dull eyes blinked slowly. She never smiled, and when we asked her whether she was sorry now that she had served in the *SS* the question had to be repeated.

When she understood she looked angry and red.

"*Nein*," she said shortly.

One of the older *SS* girls spoke, excitement in her voice.

"You see. Ever since 1933 the German youth have been so militarized they think the Nazis are still in power, that the Nazi world they knew is still there. They must be re-educated."

The fat girl stood against the wall, her stringy red hair uncombed and her out-sized body looking as though it had been suddenly blown up out of proportion. She had no expression, though the other *SS* girl had as much as called her a Nazi dupe. The whole thing looked like an act.

We talked about babies, for a couple of male PWs were bringing in two small wooden crates, their ends carved into duck-heads, to be used as cribs for twins just born in the compound. There were 18 pregnant women in the cage, and almost all of them were unmarried. All of the *SS* girls gathered in the room dismissed illegitimacy casually. They seemed to have no shame about it.

"It is state policy," said one. "The mothers aren't sorry."

An Austrian girl—pretty, blonde, young, smart—was very much at ease. She wore tight shorts and a loose, gay-colored bra, which curled revealingly as she moved. She knew it, but it didn't bother her. She sat between two *SS* girls and interpreted with an air of authority, tapping her pencil confidently on the table as she talked.

She admitted that most of the *SS* girls hated the Americans, but hated the Russians and the French and the British more. She jumped up when we said the French had taken full control of Innsbruck, her home town.

"No, that's not so," she protested, her eyes watering. "The Americans are still there—they must be there." She said she prayed that the Americans would go back, because they were nicer than the other Allies. We asked her then if she thought Americans were such complete suckers as to swallow that kind of talk. She looked up quickly, but did not answer.

Later she said some of the girls were planning to go to America after things quiet down.

"I shall get a job with the Americans somewhere," she smiled, uncrossing her lovely legs.

"We're too easy with them," a GI at the compound said as we walked around the cage. "We have no single, strong policy, and it's hard for us here to know just what to do. Well, it's too late now to change; we've made things easy and they know it."

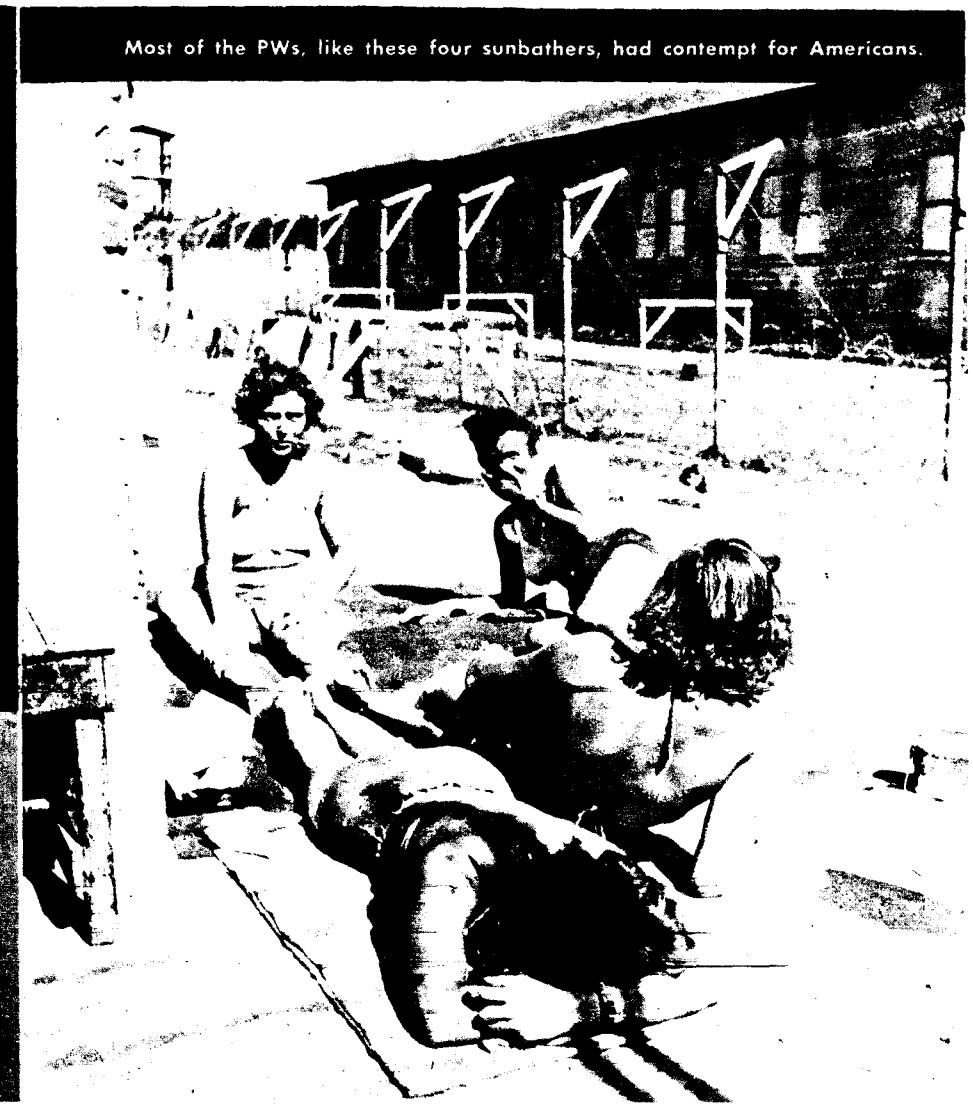
Outside by the washtubs women were scrubbing clothes, and some of them started to walk away as we approached. A guard called to them to halt, and a blonde tried to duck behind the barracks, but he called her back and ordered her to keep scrubbing clothes. She bent over the tub, cursing him in loud whispers.

"You soon learn to stop asking them to do things, you've got to command them," the GI said. "They're bitches, and they've got it too damned good for my money."

As we left the compound chow was coming up. Three fat girls, bulging offensively from their rolled bloomers, leaned against the chicken wire strung around the kitchen. Their GI messkits were open and waiting. The guard looked at them a moment before he left the cage and locked it.

Maedchen In Uniform

The girls who served in Adolf's army are a sorry, slovenly looking lot. In a PW camp near Florence they spill their gripes to GI guards.



Most of the PWs, like these four sunbathers, had contempt for Americans.

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Yank

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Look at S/Sgt. Larry Ohman and you'll see that the army and navy can be combined. This hybrid serviceman is an AAF mechanic assigned to a Navy ship repairing airplane parts in the Pacific.

We haven't found out yet but if anyone of these GIs knocked the ball over the mountain he's going to get a full page picture in YANK. The game was played at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany by soldiers of the 10th Armored Division.

A year ago Anita Matthews of Houston, Tex., and her daughter Maurine Wilson both decided to join the Wacs. Now they are stationed together as privates at Orlando Army Air Base, AAF Tactical Center, where they are both doing statistical work.

During the Berlin conference Pfc. Nicholas J. Totalo of Darien, Conn., got a chance to try out his barbering skill on an important head of hair when Gen. George C. Marshall came in.

One of the many Filipinos who organized guerrillas to fight the Japs on Luzon was Mrs. M. Elizabeth Fontillas, formerly a resident of Eau Claire, Wis. Here she is giving a few of the members of her outfit a sharp-eyed inspection.

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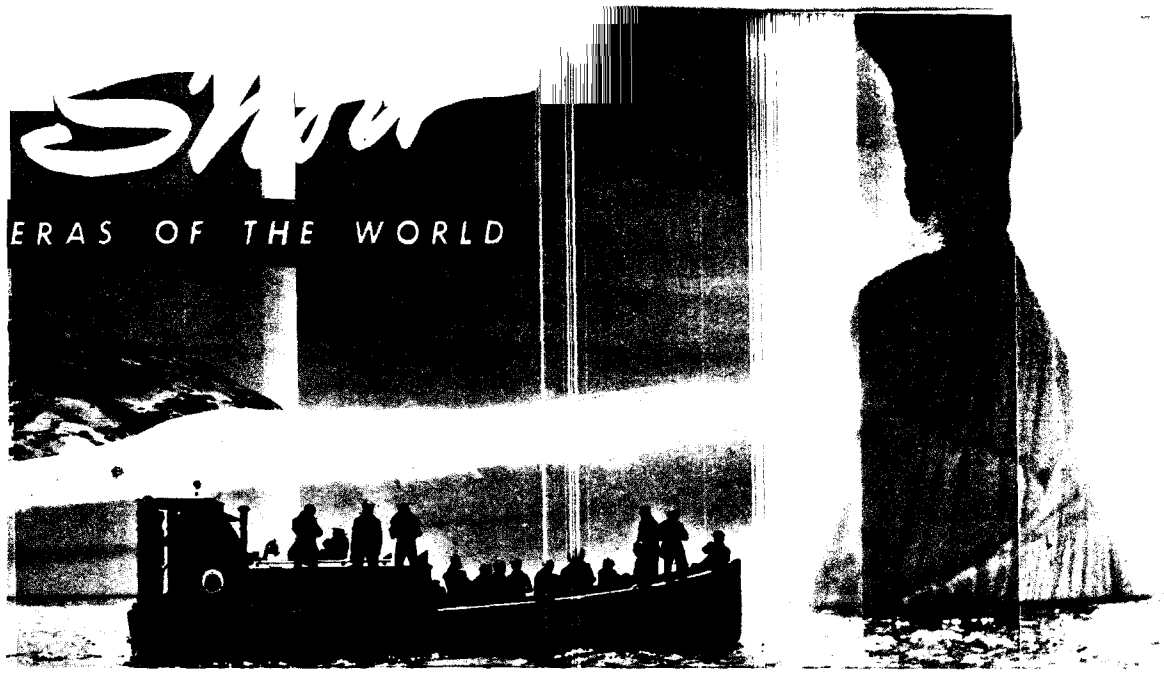
Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD

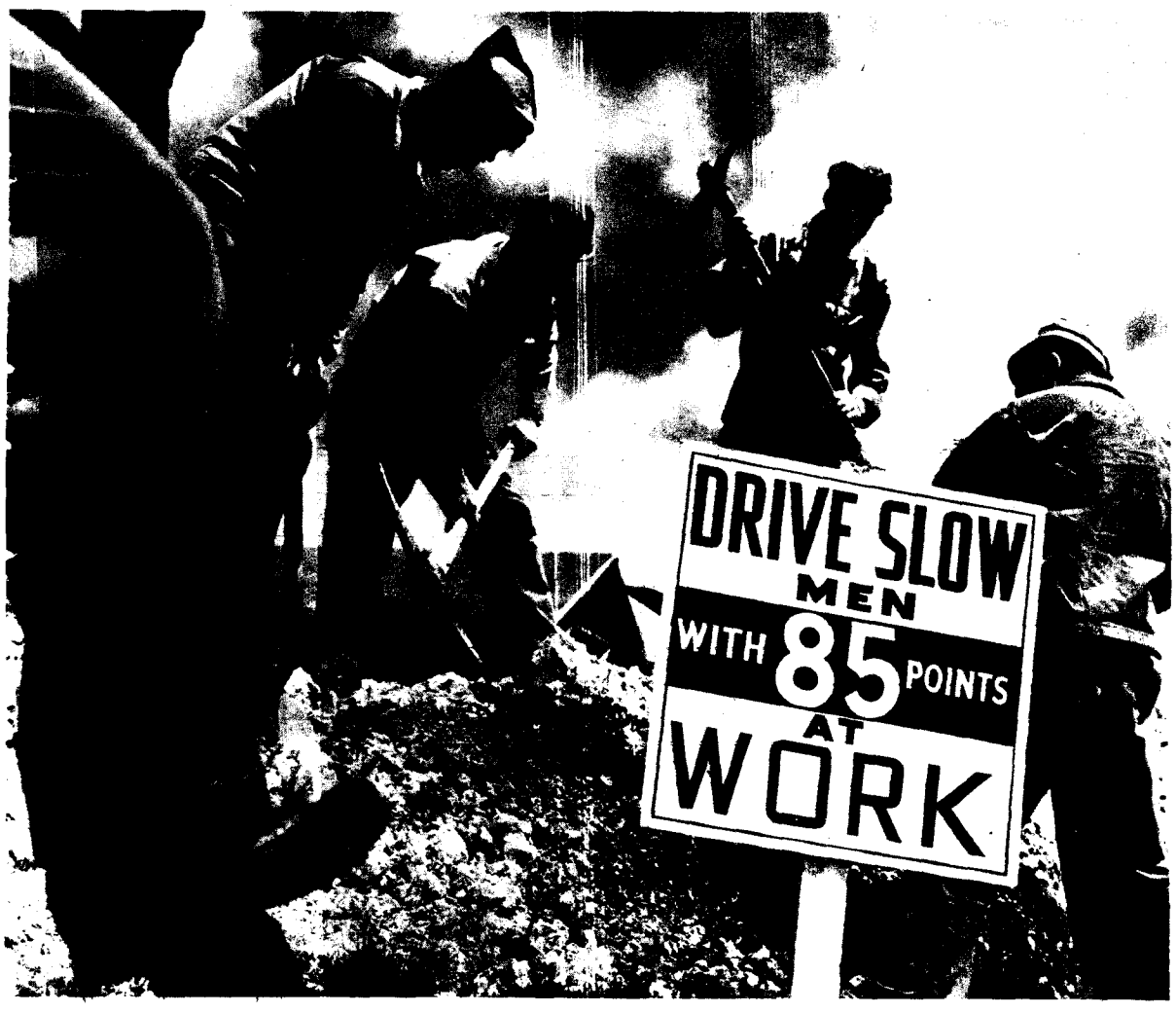


GREENLAND PATROL. For GIs in the tropics this might look pretty inviting but the men in the boat know better. For them it's ice and snow the year around and some hot weather would go good now and then. They are coast guardsmen serving in a cutter that patrols these icy waters.

During a "carnival" put on by the 381st Regt., 3d Bn., on Okinawa these GIs got into fancy dress. The man is Sgt. J. Darbonne, the "girl," Pfc. D. Peterson.

SURRENDER AD. GIs send up streamer attached to balloons to tell Japs hiding on Luzon that the war is over.

BASEBALL GRENADE. Pitcher Dave Ferriss handles a new gas grenade which is the same weight and size as a baseball and is easily gripped for a quick throw.



PRECIOUS HIDES. These GIs working on a road detail on a Western Pacific Base Island are taking no chances with passing motorists interfering with their future. There's too much at stake. Left to right: Pfc. Larry Rudowitz, T-5 Murray Goldman, Sgt. Stanley Pudelek and Sgt. Charles Gurrell.

It's beginning to look as complicated as a highway junction at home. MP Sgt. Bean Tebo has the job of directing traffic and interpreting signs.

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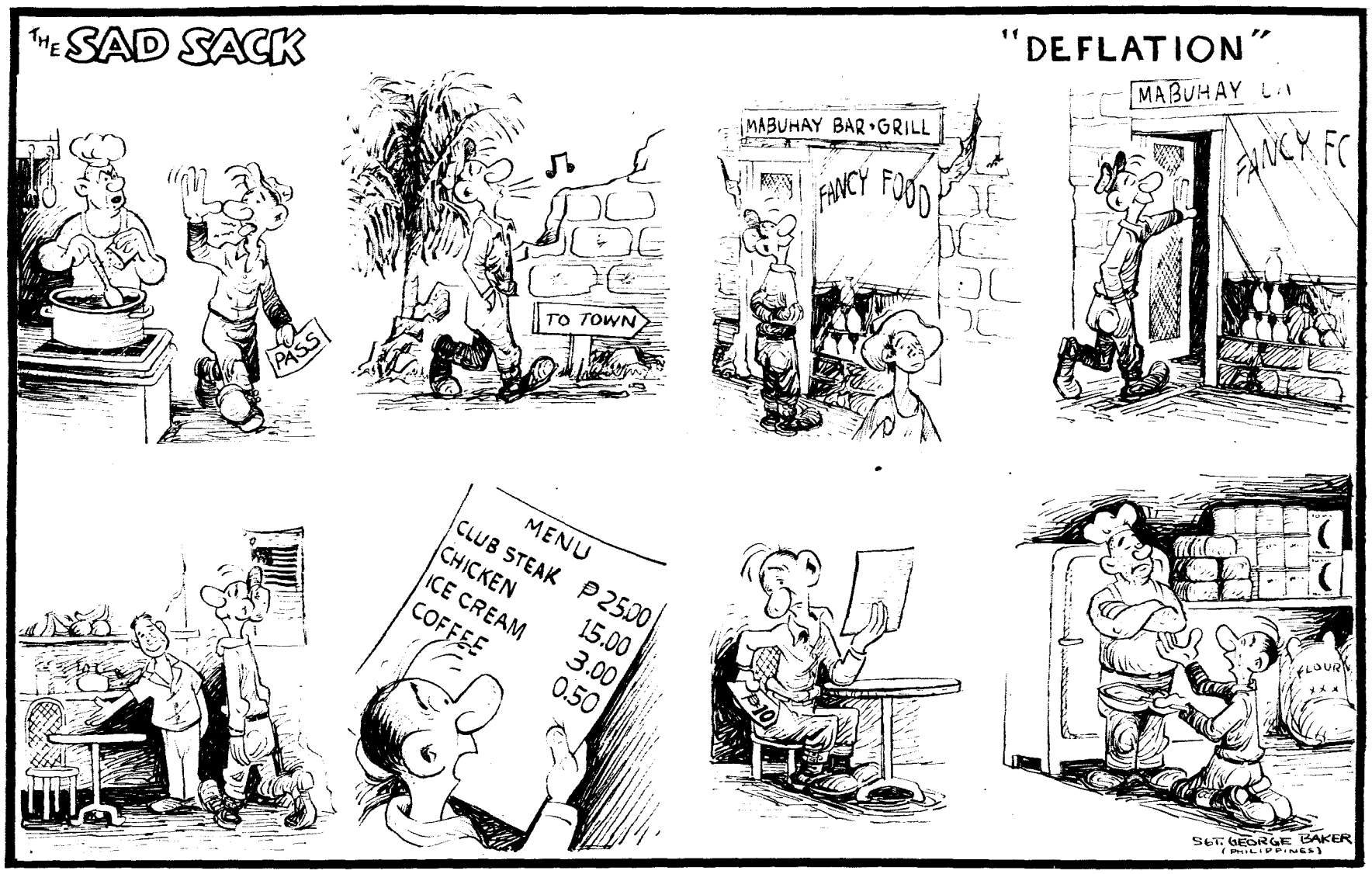

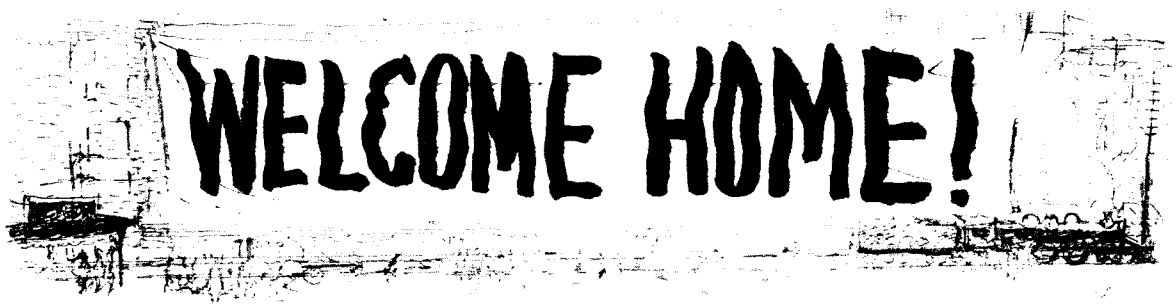

By Sgt. LEN ZINBERG

THE two soldiers sat deep in the soft luxury of their Pullman seat, staring at the American countryside racing by the train window. They had been looking out that window for nearly four days. The pfc said, "Joe, I'm getting a funny feeling in my guts, like before we go in the line. Think of it, in less than an hour I'll be home!"

The corporal smiled and said quietly, "It will be good to be home."

"Good?" The pfc laughed. "Brother, it will be sensational! You got to be overseas for a couple of years to learn what home really means. One more hour . . . think of me walking down the old street, the kids looking at my Combat Infantryman's Badge, my battle stars, my girl and my folks asking all sorts of silly questions. Of course, it won't be nothing to the welcome you'll get, Joe. They'll have the band out for you. Silver Star, Bronze Star, Purple Heart with cluster . . . you're a damn hero!"

"Yeah, some hero," Joe said, looking out the window again.

For awhile they were both quiet, then the pfc yelled, "Did you see that little white house we just passed, the one with the funny green shutters and fancy garden? That's like my house, only mine's bigger. I got my own room."

"I shared a room with my kid brother," Joe said. "Our house is a small brown bungalow. Got avocado and orange trees growing in the back, and a big garden. Some garden, my father sure liked to fuss in it. Funny the way a guy keeps thinking of things. At Anzio, in France, in the mountains before the Po Valley . . . I spent a bunch of time dreaming about that house."

"Your folks don't live there," the pfc said, hesitating. "I mean you told me. . . ."

The corporal said, "My folks are in Arizona. I want to see the house first, then I'll hitch a ride down to see my folks. Country sure is green around here."

"You bet, that's my country," the pfc said proudly.

As the train pulled into the neat little town, the pfc got his bags and shook hands with Joe and said nervously, "Well, after all the times it was supposed to be 'it,' this is really it. So long, pal. Glad I met you on the train. Take care of yourself, and don't forget and pull any of that '*Dove casa?*' stuff over here!"

Joe laughed politely at the corny wisecrack, and they shook hands. When the train stopped, Joe watched the pfc jump off into the arms of a kindly, stout woman who hugged him and cried. A gray-haired man kissed him and tried not to cry. A pretty young blonde girl shook his hand awkwardly, then suddenly hugged and kissed him. All the time, a big clumsy dog tried to jump on the soldier, kept running around and around, his tail going like a propeller. Other people stepped forward, anxious to slap the pfc on the back, shake his hand.

As the train pulled out, Joe caught a quick glimpse of the soldier's face—he was laughing and crying, trying to hug them all at once.

It took another 12 hours before the train crossed the California line. Joe sat in his seat nervously, leaving it only to go to the dining car or the men's room. People stared at him politely, coldly, noticing his blue Combat Infantryman's Badge, his two rows of brag ribbons.

The town was full of the afternoon heat when Joe got off. It was the kind of heat he liked, and he was glad to be walking once more instead of sitting. There was no one to meet him, the few men at the station merely stared at him and whispered to each other as he passed.

Every detail of the town was exactly as he had so often pictured it: the big high school where he had played basketball, Shaw's Bakery with its wonderful friendly odor of baking bread and cakes, the modernistic movie house, the fire house with the bright red engines and the men lounging by the door—even the spotted fire dog looked the same.

He passed the drugstore and saw Pop Anders still behind the soda fountain. Joe grinned as he thought of the great sundaes Pop could whip up. The old man looked at him and didn't smile. Joe walked faster. Down the main street and its stores, turn right, past the crowded fruit market where he had once worked—all new faces staring at him, nobody there he remembered. Another right turn, and down a street lined with trees and orderly white bungalows, service flags hanging in the windows, women busy in the kitchens. A tiny red-headed girl was playing house on one of the lawns. She looked up at him, then said shyly, "Hello, soldier."

Joe smiled. "Hello, kid." Must be a new family living there, he thought. Pretty kid. Sure, they're new, that used to be Eddie's house. Eddie and his cute sister . . . wonder where she is now?

Joe turned another corner, his heart beating wildly. He stopped in front of *his* house. The small front lawn was full of weeds; somebody had chopped down the orange trees. The boarded-up windows had been smashed, the porch and steps were broken and burned, junk and ancient garbage had been hurled at the house leaving stains on the brown walls. In crude letters, some one had painted, "KEEP OUT! NO DAMN JAP RATS WANTED HERE!"

The corporal didn't even drop his barracks bag. He just stood there, staring at the house, sweat rolling down his yellow face. This wasn't the house he had dreamed of at Anzio. This house didn't have the warm happy air of the others, it looked haunted and desolate. This was the worst house he had ever seen, it looked even more miserable than the shelled stone houses of Italy.

Joe stared at the house for a long time, then he turned and went away, walking with slow, weary steps.

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PX

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"I never could hold down a job for very long."
—S/Sgt. Dick Ericson

Got the *Right* Time?

I JUST read somewhere that the railroads, the networks and the airlines are contemplating a plan to use the Army's time system after the war; that is, if they can educate the public into accepting this new system which they claim is far more accurate and has been proven to be infallible in foreign countries where it has been used.

I've been in the Army a considerable length of time now and I still have to count on my fingers or say to myself, "Let's see now, stupid, what number plus 12 is the hour they're talking about?" Or if someone says they'll meet me at 2200 I go through the whole routine and add 12 onto every number up to midnight to get the correct time. Imagine the utter chaos that will result when they try to explain the system to 140,000,000 people.

There is an eager cult of GIs who like to impress one another with this Army system and they will invariably kick it around to death for the benefit of those old-fashioned squares who still mumble "o'clock" and "fifteen after."

"Gee," the corporal will say to his buddy, "it's only 2100! We got time for the 2210 movie and that'll get us back to camp by 2400." The corporal doesn't mention a soda maybe around 2330 but I guess he plans to squeeze that in somewhere between the hour and the minute hand.

Plain old five o'clock means quitting time and a quick drink to some people and 12 o'clock represents midnight, the witching hour, to others. Time, like the fourth dimension, is no commodity to go around tampering with. You can sell it, buy it and lend it, but how long do you think you could keep a child interested in a story about Cinderella when you begin to explain that the fairy godmother warned the little chimney sweep to leave the ball at 2400—or else!

"What time, Mommy?" the little thing will ask.

"Hush, dear," the mother will probably say, trying to avoid an explanation that will be as involved as Mendel's Law. "Now go to sleep."

Timetables, the train and airlines people point out, will eliminate the use of A.M. and P.M. to indicate arrival and departure hours under the new set-up, thus simplifying train schedules. (Incidentally, they fail to tell us what they plan to do with those abstract little footnotes at the bottom of timetables that explain why a train won't run on a certain day—and if it does, just disregard it.) The man who finds himself standing in line behind a woman at a New York Central ticket window inquiring about trains operating on army time will add a new chapter to the saga of the beaten American commuter.

"Frankly, I don't think they're as lonesome as we are."
—Sgt. Michael Ponce de Leon

"Train for Hartford?" the ticket man will ask. "Leaves at 1510 and arrives at 1721. Gate four." The woman, who has been trying in vain to understand timetable schedules since she was five years old, will pound the counter with a determined white-gloved hand and demand a translation.

"During ante-meridian, add a zero before the hours one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight nine, and call it 'hours' instead of 'o'clock,'" the ticket man will explain wearily. "Ten, eleven and twelve remain the same, although it's still 'hundred,' not 'o'clock.' During post-meridian, add 12 to the hours up to and including 12 midnight, or 24 hundred. Next!"

The woman will go away muttering something about writing to her Congressman, arrive at the wrong gate and catch the milk train to Buffalo.

The new system will undoubtedly cause repercussions along Broadway, where theatergoers are notorious latecomers to begin with. Curtains rising at 2040 are apt to catch patrons still lingering over dinner with a slide rule and a book on advanced calculus trying to figure out when they're due at the theater. It has taken the average New York theatergoer 25 years to figure out when a matinee begins. Plainly the new system can mean but one thing: the downfall of the American stage and a return to long evenings at home, the entire family grouped rather tragically around a card table, spending a dreary interval studying the nomenclature of the clock, alarm, M4.

The embarrassed hostess, instead of indulging in the old cliche, "Well, it must be twenty-after or twenty-'til," during a particularly pronounced lull in the conversation, will probably exclaim: "Well, it must be 1920 or 1940!" and slap her knee hysterically. The guests, sensing this remark as the failing of a woman who has suddenly become irrational, will rise to a man and stalk out, leaving the stricken hostess with a shaker full of Martinis and a cold buffet supper to devour by herself.

"Darling," the postwar deb is likely to say over her Zenith monitor, "meet me at the Madison Bar around sixteen-hundred-ish."

"Around what?" the voice on the other end will shout back.

"Sixteen-hundred-ish, darling. Meet you in about one thousandth of a second."

"How's that again?" the other will demand.

"S-i-x-t-e-e-n h-u-n-d-r-e-d," the deb will spell out, "or to be old-fashioned, four o'clock, silly."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" the other voice will bellow, hanging up and deciding not to meet her at all. "Sixteen-hundred, my foot!"

Let's assume the average woman does learn to grasp the Army's system of telling time. How will she interject this new system into everyday conversation with her ex-GI?

"What on earth were you doing up at 0300?" the sleepy housewife will murmur over the burned toast and two-way, electronically-controlled percolator.

"Dad blast it! Woke up around 0245 and tried to stop the damn faucet from dripping and didn't get back to sleep again until 0550," her spouse will mumble irritably into his coffee cup.

"Oh," she'll say. "Well, on the double, honeybun, or you'll miss the 0803 to work."

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. JOHN DE VRIES

REPARTEE

I asked him if he liked the life, and wasn't soldiering fun?
I said, "This uniform we wear looks well on anyone!"
I told him I admired his style — from me his charm's not hidden,
But conversation died because he answered, "Are *you* kiddin'?"
So then I tried a different tack—I said the Army's tough,
He's overworked and underpaid, and hasn't stripes enough,
The things he really wants to do are by ARs forbidden.
We got exactly nowhere for he told me, "*You* ain't kiddin'!"

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

SHORE LEAVE

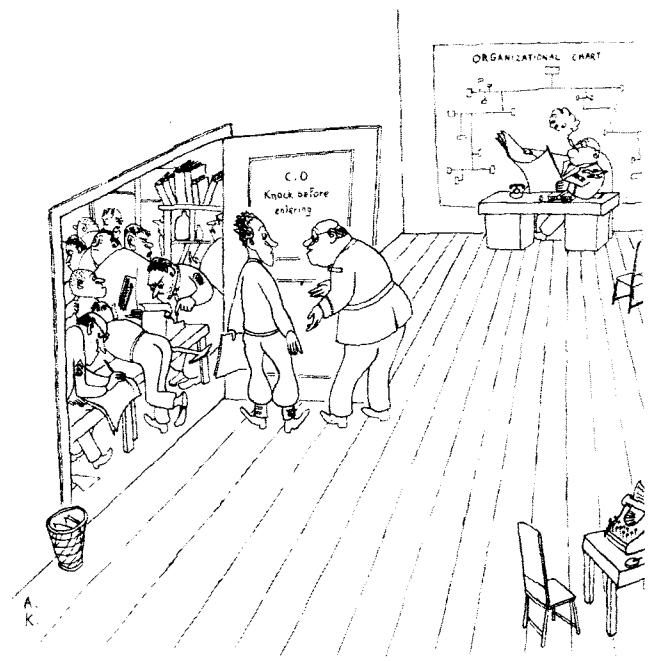
The eager sailor chafes the rail,
Looking shoreward.
His state is ecstasy.
After the long voyage at sea.
He looks to the women as an Englishman
Looks to his tea—
This is a cup I'll drink!
Says he. . . .

Italy —Sgt. HAROLD O. WANG

THOUGHT ON STAGGERING BACK TO THE BARRACKS AFTER A PLEASANT EVENING AT THE NCO CLUB

Military frolic
Is mostly alcoholic.

Wright Field, Ohio —Cpl. SCOTT FELDMAN



"Sorry, you got to use this room for the time being. We're so short of space."
—Sgt. Anatol Kovarsky

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The Czech New Deal

The German occupation didn't do a thing to break the nationalist spirit of the Czechs; in fact, it made it stronger than before.

By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Correspondent

Czechoslovakian-born Germans who betrayed the republic work under guard of Red Army soldiers

PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA—Anna Mandlova was the Czech Betty Grable. She was stacked like poker chips and had a face to match. Some people even thought she could act. The Czech movie audiences liked her, and, naturally, she liked the Czechs. Her pictures made a pile of dough for Barrandov Productions — and for Mandlova.

But Mandlova won't be making movies any more. She's working on a road gang.

When the Germans came to Czechoslovakia six years ago, Mandlova discovered it wasn't smart to like the Czechs any more. It was easier —and more profitable—to like the Germans. Ration tickets for good Czechs didn't go very far, even if you were trying to keep your waistline down. There weren't any cigarettes, silk stockings or fur coats for good Czechs, either. Mandlova decided she would rather give up being a good Czech than give up wearing a fur coat. So she took the coat and the German sugar daddy who went along with it. That's why she's on the road gang now, with the rest of the Czech collaborators.

Mandlova is learning that the war changed the minds of a lot of her countrymen. Six years of getting stepped on by the Germans have made the Czechs—already intense nationalists—more nationalistic than ever. They are purging their country of Germanism and the Germans. And anybody who played around with the Germans, like Mandlova, goes right along with them —out.

Czechoslovakia is an old country but a new republic. For hundreds of years the Czechs were bossed by German rulers. When the republic was founded in 1918, its first president and moving spirit was Thomas Masaryk, a wise old man who had lived in the States and was a friend of President Woodrow Wilson. It was his idea that Czechoslovakia, like the U. S., could be a melting pot of different peoples—Czechs, Slovaks, Germans, Magyars, Ruthenians. The largest minority members—four of every 13 citizens of the republic—were Germans. There were German theaters and schools, just as there were Czech and Slovak. The Germans had equal rights as citizens.

But the melting pot didn't work. The Czechoslovak Germans never dissolved into Czechoslovaks; they kept on thinking of themselves as Germans. And in 1938 and 1939, they banded into a fifth column in Hitler's campaign to destroy the Czech state.

Now the Czechs are building a new republic. This time the mixture will not be the same as before. Germans will not be allowed in the melting pot.

You can see the signs of the change everywhere in Prague. Stroll down the *Vaclavske Namesti*, the main drag, or pay one *krone* (a penny) to ride around town in a double trolley. (There aren't any cars or taxis to speak of because there isn't any gas.) It's the little things that hit you first.

Store signs dispay fresh coats of paint. The butcher or baker or knickknack maker puts up the Czech word to describe his trade, and changes the spelling of his name back to the good old Czech way.

At Wilson Station, named for Masaryk's friend, the "Wilson" has been freshly painted in and the word "Prag" (German spelling for the Czech "Praha") has been blotted out. All the railroad cars waiting on the tracks have fresh Czech markings instead of the German labels.

If you ask for directions in German (in case you don't speak Czech), you'll get nothing but a fishy stare. The ticket-taker at the Vltava River pier waves you aboard the excursion boat free, rather than discuss in German the price of a ride. It's not that the Czechs don't understand. German has been practically a second language with them for years, but they're sick and tired of hearing it spoken. A Czech who was forced to work for the Germans in a Prague factory (until he was imprisoned for sabotage) puts it this way: "Please do not speak German here. That is the language of the beast."

There's only one curious exception to this violent anti-Germanism. Soldiers of the new Czech Army wear their uniforms with more than the traditional awkwardness of the rookie, but it's easy to see why. They're dressed in *Afrika Korps*, *SS* and *SA* outfits, just slightly remodeled. Because of the shortage of cloth, only stocks from captured German warehouses are available. But these Czech draftees—30 to 40 years old—will receive training and equipment similar to the Red Army's before long, as part of the Russo-Czech military alliance.

IF the uniforms seem pro-German, the new army is anything but. Its main strength, at least for the present, is coming from the 20,000 patriots who escaped from occupied Czechoslovakia to join and fight in the Czech brigades of the British and Russian Armies. You see these veterans now on the streets of Prague in their British battle dress. Officers of the old regular army who stayed in Czechoslovakia can retain their commissions, but only if they satisfy courts of inquiry that they didn't collaborate. Otherwise, out they go.

Well-known collaborators and war criminals are lodged in Pankrac Prison, formerly a Gestapo jail, awaiting trial by People's Courts. Cases are being prepared right now as fast as all the witnesses still alive can be rounded up. The No. 1 collaborator, Emil Hacha, 73-year-old puppet president of the German protectorate and the Vidkun Quisling of Czechoslovakia, has already cheated the gallows by dying in prison. The Dr. Goebbels of the protectorate, Col. Emanuel Moravac, who made weekly pro-German broadcasts, tried and convicted himself by committing suicide.

It's not just German signs and the German language and friends of the Germans that the Czechs are getting rid of. They're throwing out the Germans themselves—both the Germans from Germany who came along with the occupation troops, and the Czechoslovak Germans who betrayed their republic. About this, President Eduard Benes has been very clear: no matter how long he lived here, every German who cannot prove he was an active friend of the republic, before and after Munich, must go.

To get an idea of what this means, visit Masaryk Stadium, where the Sokol societies used to hold their track and field meets before the war. Soon there will be new Sokol contests, but at the moment the stadium has other uses. It's a vast camp for Germans awaiting shipment out of Czechoslovakia. Already 800,000 have been processed. German families are living in the grandstands, and German kids make mud pies down on the playing field. On the spot where pole-vaulters once competed, a flabby old German woman squats naked in a washtub, taking a bath. There are many people, but not many signs of

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life. The Germans seem dull and spiritless.

Boxcars on railroad sidings near the Wilson Station are loaded with Germans, under Red Army guard. These are prisoners, headed evidently for labor service in Russia. They seem more sullen than the other Germans, even less spirited.

But some Germans have not yet been expelled from Prague or concentrated at Masaryk Stadium. In front of the Parliament Building—taking a vacation because the new parliament won't be elected until autumn—a dozen Germans are engaged in landscape-gardening. They're piling pebbles and planting flowers in the pattern of a red star to surround Jan Stursa's magnificent statue of a Falling Man. Cast in bronze some years ago, the monument will be set up near the Parliament's steps as a memorial to 19 Red Army soldiers who died at that spot in the battle for Prague. A Russian guard makes sure the Germans work as diligently as Germans are famous for doing.

On the *Vaclavske Namesti*, a gang of Germans and Czech collaborators are sweating over picks and shovels. They are clearing away the debris of houses bombed by German planes during the Czech uprising that began May 5, four days before the arrival of the Red Army. Other labor gangs are repairing pavements torn up to make road-blocks against German tanks during the Revolution, as the Czechs call it.

The Czechs are not leaving all the digging to the Germans. For everything German they destroy, they are building something Czech.

The big German and Magyar estates in Czechoslovakia have been confiscated—five million acres of land. These 270,000 plantations will be broken up into 20-acre lots and redistributed to Czech and Slovak tenant farmers. Historical-minded Czechs say this democratic national land reform reverses 300 years of history—going back to the 1621 Battle of White Mountain, when German nobles picked up all that real estate by licking the Czechs.

Industry is having its face lifted, too. The Ceskomoravska Kolben-Danek plant in Prague is doing business at the same old stand, but under new management. Instead of the ousted German bosses, two Czech engineers and a council of the workers make all decisions about production and factory control. They were elected by 6,000 other workers who knew their records as leaders of the anti-German resistance and sabotage during the occupation. A big poster at the entrance to this railroad and truck factory proclaims: "The Union of the Working People Assures a Happy National Future." Electric clocks in the foundry are still stopped at two minutes to 12, the moment when American bombs hit on March 25, but the plant resumed work exactly three months later. Five thousand volunteers—doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers, schoolboys—pitched in to clear away the debris. That's the kind of people the Czechs are. About 180 of the plant's workers who were thrown into Dachau and Buchenwald for sabotage are already back at their jobs. That's the kind of people the Czechs are, too.

THE purge is not limited to the army, land or industry. At what used to be the German Theater, there's a new name on the marquee: Theater of the Fifth of May (Prague's Revolution Day). The billboard advertises "Iron Brook," a Russian drama played in Czech. There are half a dozen other Czech theaters open, and Emil V. Burian has come back from Dachau full of plans for reviving his Theater D, which before the war was the leading Czech experimental group.

You have to reserve your seat a week in advance to hear Miluse Dvorakova sing in Smetana's "Bartered Bride." The curtain rises on this most Czech of Czech folk operas at 7 instead of 8 P.M., so there will be time for audience and cast to catch the last trolley home. And the program, a two-color printing job that displays the old Czech craftsmanship, is printed in Russian as well as Czech, in honor of Red Army soldiers (on leave in Prague) who fill many of the National Theater's 2,000 seats. Otherwise, it is like before the war. For the first time since the Germans came, the people of Prague are hearing the national music they love so well.

Dance music is bouncing back, too. At Barrandov's open-air pavilion, high on the cliffs overlooking the Vitava where a French explorer once searched for prehistoric monsters, Czech couples dance to the brassy jazz of Behounek's band. The selections are Czech, Russian, American. Oldies like "Dinah" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band," played from sheet music of pre-occupation days, compete for popularity with "Shoo Shoo Baby," jotted down by the orchestra leader as he listened to a BBC broadcast.

At nearby Barrandov Productions, the studios are getting ready to shoot their first post-liberation films before the summer's over. There aren't any American movies available in Prague yet, but the public that once applauded everything from Tom Mix to "Morocco" is waiting. On the *Vaclavske Namesti*, Czechs queue up to see the latest Russian movies (mostly about the war), a British documentary called "San Demetrio," and some oldtime Czech films. The current newsreels feature a lot of liberation ceremonies. Each time the soundtrack carries a few notes of the national anthem, everybody in the theater stands up, which keeps you not only patriotic but awake.

EDUCATION and literature are on the upgrade too, free of the German taint. Charles University, founded in 1348, is the oldest seat of learning in Central Europe. Six years ago the Germans closed it down after arresting, torturing and killing many of the students. When classes were resumed on June 15, there weren't enough microscopes or corpses to go around for all the medical students who enrolled. Nine hundred men and women jam the English lecture hall on Monday mornings. Professors in half a dozen courses give the same lecture twice a day and even then there's standing room only. The university has waived all quotas and age limits. Undergraduates range from 19 to 30—a bumper six-year crop. Czechoslovakia knows how great is her need for trained professional people to replace those the Germans eliminated.

But the German University, which existed side-by-side with Charles University in the first republic and had a monopoly during the occupation, is closed now. For good.

Czech authors and poets—many of whom "retired" during the occupation because to publish almost always meant to collaborate—are preparing the best of their last six years' manuscripts for the printers. The Syndicate of Czech Writers, a trade union with 800 members, has thrown out nine authors for collaborating and now, with its own house clean, is getting ready to assume leadership in the revival of Czech literary life. All during the war, when the government was abroad, the Czech intellectuals exercised great influence with the people. Many died for their opposition to the Germans: Vladislav Vancura, the novelist; Bedrich Vaclanek, the critic; Josef Capek, the painter; Karel Polacek, the satirist; Hanus Bon, the poet, all gave their lives in concentration camps. Those who survived carried on. Anti-German leaflets, appearing between the covers of mystery stories and signed "National Revolutionary Committee," were published secretly by such figures as the poet Frantisek Halas, now president of the Syndicate. The Germans, if they were still around, could tell you how thoroughly these appeals to the Czech spirit of resistance succeeded.

When the right moment came for the Revolution, as the Red Army neared, President Benes called for a popular uprising. The Czechs of Prague, listening to the voice of their leader as he broadcast from already-liberated Slovakia, answered by seizing weapons from the Germans and fighting in the streets. It was bloody battling in which thousands of patriots died—some estimate 14,000—but the Czechs think the losses were worthwhile. They are proud to have had a hand in their own liberation, just as they are grateful to the Red Army for the major part it played.

The leaders in the Revolution were the *Narodni Vibors*—the National Committees—that had been secretly organized in each district of Prague during the occupation. The *Vibors* had directed the underground resistance. They led the revolutionary fighting. And, in the days after the Germans were thrown out and before a formal regime could be set up, they acted as provisional governments for the Prague subdivisions. These committees were made up of ordinary people—shopkeepers and schoolteachers and workers. (The word *Vibor* means something like "extract," and that is exactly what they were—extracts of the national spirit of resistance.) They belonged to all parties and to no parties. What held them together in spite of their differences was a love of Czechoslovakia—and a devotion to President Benes.

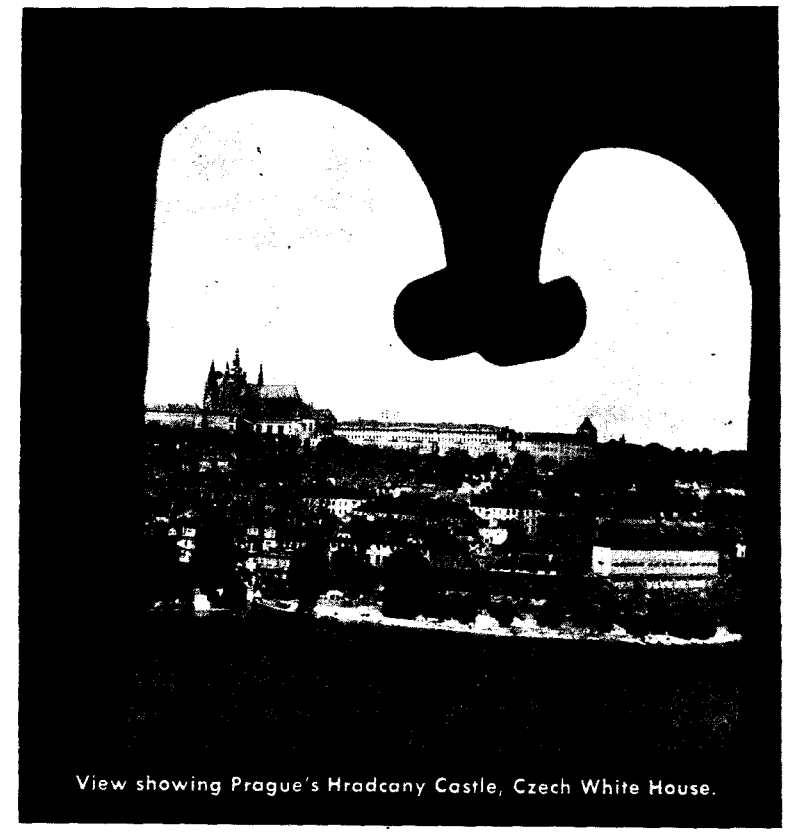
Every shop window in Prague displays a photograph of this tired, white-haired little University of Chicago professor who is the Franklin D. Roosevelt of Czechoslovakia. Sometimes the Benes pictures are alone, sometimes accompanied by photographs of Stalin or Masaryk. Benes pins adorn many lapels. Bookshops sell little Benes busts. Stickers wishing Benes a long and happy life are pasted up on walls and windows. Nobody seems to have a critical word about him. Every Czech considers Benes the nuts. When Pilsen crowds cheered him for five uninterrupted minutes on his first visit to the city since 1938, the president leaned over to an American in the next seat and whispered: "They expect so much of me I'm frightened."

Talking about the extraordinary popularity of the government and the president since their return from exile in London, Josef David, one of the deputy prime ministers, noted: "There was full unity, maintained by two-way radio, between the government-in-exile and the loyal Czechs who remained here during the occupation. Dr. Benes was always considered to be the president, and the London government was always considered to be the only real government. This was primarily because the government abroad was formed of the main elements representing and reflecting the people's will to get rid of the Germans. On this question all parties were united."

IT'S a 15-minute trolley ride from the Straka Academy, where the prime ministers have their offices, to the Praha beer hall across on the other side of the Vltava. There isn't any beer at the beer hall and two of the musicians in the formerly all-girl orchestra are men, but they're playing a song that was very popular during the German occupation. Some say it was popular because it's a nice melody, others say it was popular because the words had a double meaning. Anyhow, this is roughly the way it goes:

Prague is beautiful.
It is beautiful when the sun rises
And when the sun sets on the Vltava.
Prague is beautiful.
It is beautiful when the snow falls
And even more beautiful when spring returns

The snow is gone now, and spring has come back for the Czechs.



View showing Prague's Hradcany Castle, Czech White House.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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205 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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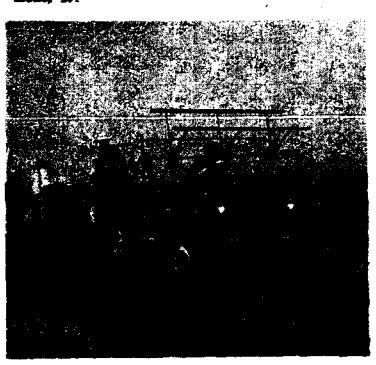

This Week's Cover

A FARMER hauls a reaper and binder behind a new civilian jeep. That is only one of the uses to which this GI wagon can be put. For more of Sgt. John Frano's jeep pictures, and Sgt. James O'Neill's story, see pages 6 and 7.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. John Frano. 5—Sgt. George Aarons. 6—Sgt. Frano. 7—Upper, Sgt. Frano; lower, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 10 & 11—Pfc. Werner Wolff. 12—Upper left, Sgt. Roger Wrenn; lower left, PA; upper right, Sig. Corps; center right, AAF, Orlando, Fla.; lower right, Sig. Corps. 13—Upper left, U. S. Coast Guard; center left, Acme; lower left, Cpl. George Burns; upper right, Mason Pawlak CPhoM; lower right, Cpl. Burns. (In Alaska Edition: 12 & 13—lower left and lower right, Sig. Corps; all others, AAF.) 16 & 17—Cpl. Pat Coffey. 20—Russell Birdwell Associates. 22—Sgt. Pete Paris. 23—Sgt. Arthur Weithas.

Mail Call

"Bastards of Bataan"

Dear YANK:

As one of the survivors of the infamous "Death March" on Bataan in 1942 and as one of the "Battling Bastards of Bataan," I would like to make a suggestion.

As far as I know, the troops that fought at Bataan were the first American troops to see actual combat in World War II. Therefore, I cannot see why the public and the War Department have not tried to go out of their way to give these forgotten men consideration. Why can't the bigwigs in Washington authorize a special Bataan patch to be worn on the left or right shoulder so as to give these men some type of consolement for what they have been through?

You may say that officers and enlisted men who have returned to the States upon liberation in the Philippines have been treated with consideration. Yes, I agree with you, some of them have. I know of cases where Army nurses who were interned at the Jap POW camp at Santo Tomas, Manila, have been given the Silver Star and Bronze Star upon their return to the States. What about we fellows that escaped from the Japs and organized Filipino guerrillas and continued resistance for three years? Even Gen. MacArthur must admit that the guerrillas were of some help to him during his liberation of the Philippines. I for one have received no decorations — in fact, I had a field commission as first lieutenant, but this was taken away from me and I've heard nothing of it since.

I hope in the near future that fellows like myself who return from the Philippines are not treated as I was.

Ft. Devens, Mass. —(Name Withheld)

Draft the "Essential"

Dear YANK:

Here's an idea for that Army of Occupation we see ahead of us for the next several years. "War production," that venerable dodge of so many essential young men, is on its last legs. Soon, therefore, the essential young men will no longer be quite so essential.

And then the young men will begin to weep. They will weep because of the unemployment resulting from the problems of peacetime conversion. They will also weep because they have had no opportunity to don their country's uniform and perform outstanding feats on the battlefield; the boss, of course, has been twisting their arm so that they would stay on the job all these years. They simply weren't *allowed* to join the Army.

So how about canvassing these essential young men (who are no longer essential) via their occupational deferment cards found in each local draft board? Then induct every one of them that has been deferred because of his production essentialness. Their term of service, as I see it, should read: "For the occupation and six months."

Shucks! They might even get to be officers.

Kirtland Field, N. Mex. —Cpl. W. BENDER

Primo, the Inexcusable

Dear YANK:

...The story about Primo Carnera by Sgt. Dan Polier was a charming "human interest" story, accompanied by a nice family picture of Carnera, his wife, and his two children. It is a very friendly story, the kind that would be written about any American boxing champ, and it discloses these facts:

1) Carnera went back to Italy from America voluntarily to live happily under Mussolini, with the help of plenty of American dollars.

2) He himself is the first one to admit that he was not a Partisan, helping to free his country.

3) That he was a "neutral" in the war. (What's that?)

4) That he was "respected by the Germans."

5) That he was so "respected" by the Germans that they "hired him as an overseer of Italian workers at a mine near Sequals."

6) That he made a propaganda movie for the Nazis, together with Schmeling (a notorious Nazi).

7) That he and his wife spent a week-end with Schmeling.

8) That he in turn invited Schmeling to spend a week-end with them.

I must say that Carnera's relationship with the Nazis has been very touching.

In short, Carnera was a Nazi collaborator for the last few years. No amount of "human interest" can cover this up. I, personally, feel that Nazi collaborators belong in jail and do not belong as heroes in the pages of our Army magazine. Let us not forget so soon. The soil is not yet dry. Let's not accept such people as friends because they happen to have been well-known. Their responsibility was all the greater because of that. Excuse one, and we will be able to excuse them all.

And they are inexcusable.

Oakland, Calif. —Pvt. JUNE LOSTAR

■ YANK made no excuses for Primo Carnera.

Veteran Problems

Dear YANK:

I have served in the armed forces of this country for a period of three years, 25 months of which were spent overseas. At the present time I am enrolled at Pennsylvania State College. I enrolled in March of this year, and *only* after writing to my congressman did I receive my monthly checks due me. The checks ceased to arrive for me at the end of May, and when I inquired as to the delay the Veterans' Administration of Pittsburgh, Pa., informed me I was not entitled to further allowance until I had submitted proof of dependency.

I had sent a letter to them when I enrolled at this college, stating that I did have a dependent, and that I needed that allowance for said support. During the three years I was in the armed forces there was no questioning the fact that I had a dependent: I gave $22 per month, and the Government gave $15 per month toward the support of the dependent. I went to see the veterans' adviser at the college, from the Pittsburgh office, and he was gone for the week-end. I went to a Notary Public to have something made in way of a statement saying I had a dependent and he informed me it was out of his hands.

The point is simply this: There are radios, newspapers, magazines, and what have you, playing up this GI Bill of Rights, which is all taken in by the wives, sweethearts and other relatives of the men in the services, but when we come out to collect the benefits under said bill, we find a host of cigar-smoking, pot-bellied political appointees holding down the administrative tasks of the organization who are not interested in the veterans' welfare. The public is paying good money to send the veteran to school, yet the men who are to be the chief help of returning veterans are sadly inefficient. This problem is not confined to myself; there are many veterans at this college who are having similar problems.

Am hoping that this demoralizing situation is brought to light to the proper people, so that the many returning future veterans will not have the wrong opinion of the country for which they fought.

State College, Pa. —JAMES L. WOLF

Dear YANK:

The veterans, especially the married ones, at the University of Minnesota are faced with a critical housing situation. Neither the university nor the legislature of this state have made any provision for housing the veteran, and we feel that a step to ease this matter must be taken immediately. We also suggest that future veterans contact the university which they expect to attend and inquire into the housing situation there. If they would urge immediate action on housing facilities, they might be able to secure adequate housing for the time when they enroll.

University of Minnesota —WARREN J. KELVIE

Dear YANK:

I have returned to college under the GI Bill of Rights. I have read most of the YANKS lately and haven't seen any letters from men who have returned to school giving out with the facts on this 50-dollars-a-month subsistence. So I have appointed myself a committee of one to tell you what I know about it.

Last semester I attended the University of Delaware, this semester I transferred to Penn State. Both colleges are in typical small towns where prices are as cheap as possible. But cheap as they are the $50 is not enough. For example, at Penn State a double room which is the cheapest you can get costs a minimum of $3.50 a week. In four weeks that's $14. Meals in a boarding house cost $9 a week, three meals a day except Sunday when there is no evening meal. That adds up to $36 for four weeks. Therefore in anybody's arithmetic it costs $50 to eat and sleep for 28 days. All expenses such as laundry, toilet articles, cigarettes, movies, sodas, dates and beer come out of your own pocket, if any.

Besides the expenses mentioned you must be prepared to pay your own entire living expenses for the first six weeks or two months. It takes that long for the Veterans' Administration red tape to unravel and get your subsistence rolling. When it starts, you of

"By gad, Cpl. Wiggins, this will go on your service record!"
—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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course are paid retroactive to the day you entered school.

So if you intend to go back to school, hold on to your mustering-out pay and you even have to take it easy with that when you get here. Come prepared, brother, that's all.

State College, Pa. —**THOMAS J. HALEY**

Corn Whiskey

Dear YANK:

In regards to the GI Bill of Rights, it is possible to borrow up to a certain sum of money to set a man up in business. Here is my problem. My occupation, before entering the Army, was the corn liquor business. Now, could the government loan me the money to set up a new still and equipment to transport my West Virginia dew?

Britain —**Pfc. BERKSPHERE**

■ Shh! The very walls have ears.

Fruits of Victory

Dear YANK:

Here it is V-J Day plus 1. Our complete outfit has just returned to the U. S. A. to await our destiny. We spent 31 months in that God-forsaken country of Iran. Now what does V-J Day mean to us? All civilians, trainees and USO Commandos at this post are now enjoying a two-day holiday. But not us. We have to work. What do you think of a deal like this?

We think it stinks.

Fort Ord, Calif. —**Sgt. DURIVARD GERSON***

*Also signed by 64 others.

Dear YANK:

Are we prisoners of the Fourth Service Command?

When the War Department set up a plan for the eventual release of its men with a critical score of 85 points or over the Fourth Service Command seemed to have ideas of its own and blandly put out an order that no man in the Command would be eligible for release unless he had more than 95 points.

V-J Day comes. Upon the announcement of the Japanese acceptance of the peace offer an order came down from higher headquarters that the enlisted men of Fort Oglethorpe were restricted.

Is that the correct way to treat men who lived to tell about the battles on the European and the Far Eastern fronts? Are civilians any better than the servicemen who risked their lives? . . .

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. —**(Name Withheld)**

Little Shaver

Dear YANK:

I come to you with a problem which has caused me no end of embarrassment and consternation. I had the good fortune to have attained small stature without the use of cigarettes (got into theaters at the age of 18 for children's prices), and, until entering the Army, had looked upon this lack of height as a godsend.

Throughout my Army career I've had many occasions to visit the latrine, mostly for shaving purposes, and on every occasion I've found the mirrors about six to 12 inches from the ceiling, and consequently few have been the occasions when I could part my hair with their aid, much less shave.

Butt cans, technical orders, discarded copies of *Mein Kampf*, all have played their part in elevating me to the dizzy heights maintained by the GI mirrors. But with butt cans now being used for butts, technical orders being revised, *Mein Kampf* serving another purpose in the latrine, I am left in mid-air, so to speak.

Before I attain a reputation as the poor man's Monty Woolley, I would like to know if I should write to Wright Field and have a razor made with a periscope attachment, see the ground-safety officer, or the post engineer, chaplain, or CO, or (I know this is an uncalled-for imposition) do you have any old butt cans about eight inches high, which, let's see now, would make me 5 foot 9 and a quarter?

Ft. Totten, N. Y. —**T/Sgt. FRANCIS E. RICH**

Officer Credit

Dear YANK:

. . . Boy! What a GI puts up with for that damned military efficiency. He weeps in his beer for the officers' whiskey ration, he scratches on a wool blanket instead of an officer's sheets, and so on. But thanks to the point system and eventual demobilization a guy could look forward to civilian life with no superbeings around.

While I was home on furlough an article in a local paper told of a conference attended by several Army educational officers and the registrars of half a dozen or so Pacific coast colleg[illegible] ence was to discuss [illegible] to be offered ex-serv[illegible] schools under the GI B[illegible] thing that came like a [illegible] want to call attention [illegible] ference decided all ex-officers [illegible] of rank or branch should get credit for 10 semester hours.

I believe this a pretty [illegible] concerns the enlisted man. A [illegible] the papers told of some big-wig educators worrying over a possible division between veterans and civilians. Can't these same people see that if a stigma is to be attached to a person for having served as an EM and not an officer, if an officer is to be handed breaks even as a civilian, then an equally great division with possibly more serious consequences will happen between ex-EM and ex-officers.

Clovis, N. Mex. —**(Name Withheld)**

Overseas Brides

Dear YANK:

Of all the stupid, asinine statements, the one by that guy in Washington who objects to overseas marriages takes the cake. Let me acquaint him with a few facts about marriage overseas:

1) The Army requires a prospective bridegroom to file marriage intentions 60 days in advance of his wedding day.
2) Both the soldier and his fiancee must produce papers certifying that they are single.
3) The intended bride is advised that she will not be afforded post exchange, medical and other privileges that American wives get.
4) The soldier's commanding officer must approve the marriage, and if the lady in question is under 21 years of age the written approval of her parents must be obtained.

After going to all this trouble, with the usual amount of red tape, and finally getting married, a soldier has to put up with the likes of this man, who hopes "that Uncle Sam won't go out of his way to encourage GIs to bring home foreign wives." What does the honored gentleman think the Army is made up of? Two-bit bums? There are still a lot of decent men in the services.

Did it ever occur to you, sir, that we who have married over here could be in love with our wives just as much as we would be if they were American? Or that for many of us, "the girl who married dear old dad" may have been a "foreigner," too?

N. Ireland —**Sgt. FREDERICK S. DELEO**

Stateside Service

Dear YANK:

We would like to remind the authorities responsible for the point evaluation of service that those of us who were unfortunate enough to be stationed within the continental limits of the U. S. for the last three, four or four-and-a half years have also served in this war.

It was evidently a mistake for us to do our job—which was as important as any overseas—conscientiously and efficiently. Since we did we were retained by our commanding officers. Any requests for overseas replacements were filled by men from the bottom of the ladder—the goldbrick, the griper and any other soldier whose loss would be felt the least. When we tried to volunteer for overseas duty we were told that WD directives prohibited us from volunteering since it was the desire of every red-blooded American to serve overseas and applications would only clutter the channels. We then continued [illegible] in infantry but do not think it was [illegible] we should first have to spend [illegible] the Air Corps, Quartermaster [illegible] Coast Artillery. We are under a much greater handicap since we were rated as technicians in another branch of service.

We suggest giving the men who have been in the Army the longest a break and some consideration for the work they have done.

—**Sgt. CHARLES A. ADAMS***

Somewhere Overseas

*Also signed by five others

Beauty Details

Dear YANK:

We the undersigned were under the impression years ago that we were coming overseas to do our bit towards winning a war. The past months have changed our views as it seems that most of our higher officers are only interested in beautifying the area. It seems that landscaping and beautifying should come after the war is won.

If the men here, who are landscaping on a full-time basis, can't be utilized by the command for its aim, then let us put them where they are needed and maybe we can save the life of a man who is actually fighting on the front line. We read so much about manpower shortage, yet so much is wasted in sight of us all.

Marianas —**(Names Withheld)**

Nazi Victim

Dear YANK:

Having been a victim of the Nazis, I am naturally greatly concerned with the problems of just punishment of war criminals. Current reports speak of a list of some 25,000 names on the list of the Commission. It is evident that this number includes only the core of Nazi leadership. . . .

I am a Viennese who has suffered from Nazi tortures after the Anschluss. I could name about 20 people off-hand who committed crimes against my family, including robbery, mayhem, libelous denunciation, assault and battery, and attempted manslaughter. Among these people was a pre-1938 socialist—underground after 1934—who joined the Storm Troopers after the occupation of Vienna for reasons of "expediency." He turned out to be a good and trustworthy Nazi and was promoted quickly. Should he be alive now, he'd probably be violently anti-Nazi. I do not doubt the sincerity of his convictions; they are genuine. Still, he is guilty of felonies and criminal acts.

. . . Why does the Government not compile lists upon information from all former refugees living at present in the U. S. A., indicting certain persons with specific crimes perpetrated, and giving dates and circumstances if possible? There are too many people who would forget these crimes because the Nazis were militarily defeated, and also because they don't want to trouble themselves with "trivialities" in the past. I, for one, am determined to prosecute on my own behalf, even if it takes me a lifetime. . . .

Failure to reach every guilty person will give them excuses to commit crimes in the future. For, have not the victors themselves, by their silence, condoned all acts of violence committed incidentally to the "revolution and elevation of Nazidom" (to quote Hitler)? . . .

India —**T-5 ERIC ELLENBOGEN**

Old Campaign Hat

Dear YANK:

The present "overseas" cap is not only totally inadequate, but even as a decoration it just plain stinks.

In my own estimation, the best headgear ever issued by the Army was the old campaign hat, and I suppose it will always be a mystery why the Quartermaster so suddenly decided we should no longer wear it. Not only was the service hat good and practical all the way around, it was dressy as well. Adequate protection in the field in the hot summer months and unsurpassed in a rain storm.

I can assure you this is not by any means one man's opinion. After all, if campaign hats are good enough for Gen. Stilwell and the Aussies, why can't they be good enough for us? How about it?

AAF, Tampa, Fla. —**Pfc. JACK P. SWANEY**

"Monkeys and Catspaws"

Dear YANK:

I doff my cap, sun-tan, to you for the recent YANK editorial, "Monkeys and Catspaws." It would be of little avail for us to defeat foreign fascism and yet allow the home-grown variety to grow unchecked. Considering the incalculable cost of our victory, it would be downright tragic.

Now is the time to bring home to all Americans and all others who would choose to live in an enlightened and progressive democracy the fact that theirs is a life-long fight; and that it does not end when they turn their M1 back in to supply.

Dow Field, Maine —**Cpl. RALPH L. MILLER**

Disability Discharges

Dear YANK:

"D" men are in "no man's land" relative to securing a discharge under the point system. When the need was great these men were inducted even though they failed to meet minimum standards for induction. Many signed waivers before the Army would accept their services. Now that the crisis has somewhat lessened, the Army should set up a separate point system, based on disability, length of service, age and number of dependents, whereby "D" men may also have a chance for demobilization.

San Francisco —**(Name Withheld)**

Strictly GI

Volunteer Army. Immediately after the start of Jap surrender negotiations, the War Department announced that the building of a volunteer Army would get under way.

Under the WD plan, enlistments in the Regular Army for a period of three years will be accepted. Qualified individuals now in the Army who wish to enlist in the Regular Army will be discharged and reenlisted. Men who have been honorably discharged from the Army of the U. S. may be enlisted if they apply within three months of the date of discharge and upon reenlistment will be promoted to the grade held at the time of discharge. Individuals without prior service and those who have been out of service for more than three months may enlist by volunteering for induction. Such individuals will upon induction be enlisted in the Regular Army.

Men now in the Army who enlist in the Regular Army will be granted furloughs of up to 90 days, depending upon their length of service. Those overseas qualified for furloughs will be returned to the U. S. to enable them to spend their furloughs at home. In addition, those now in service become eligible upon reenlistment for a reenlistment bonus. The amount of the bonus is dependent upon the grade of the individual at the time of his discharge and upon length of continuous service.

Dischargees' Clothing. To help meet shortages in certain clothing items, especially in cotton and wool shirts and trousers, the Army is asking all soldiers to turn in unwanted clothing and equipment upon discharge.

Honorably discharged soldiers are entitled to retain specific pieces of clothing and equipment, but the Quartermaster General is asking them to turn back any item they don't want.

An honorably discharged soldier is entitled to retain one barracks bag; one web belt; one pair of shoes or boots; one wool garrison cap; one cotton garrison cap or one service cap with one cap insigne; one collar insigne set; one sleeve insigne sewed on; one wool serge coat; one mackinaw or overcoat if required for warmth; two shirts—one of them wool; one pair of khaki cotton trousers; one pair of wool trousers; one pair of gloves; two handkerchiefs; identification tags; one necktie; two pairs of socks; one towel; two sets of underwear.

Battle Honors. A complete list of the units entitled to battle participation credit for service in Egypt-Libya, Algeria-French Morocco, Tunisia, or Air Combat, Ploesti, Rumania, is set forth in WD General Order 59 (23 July 1945).

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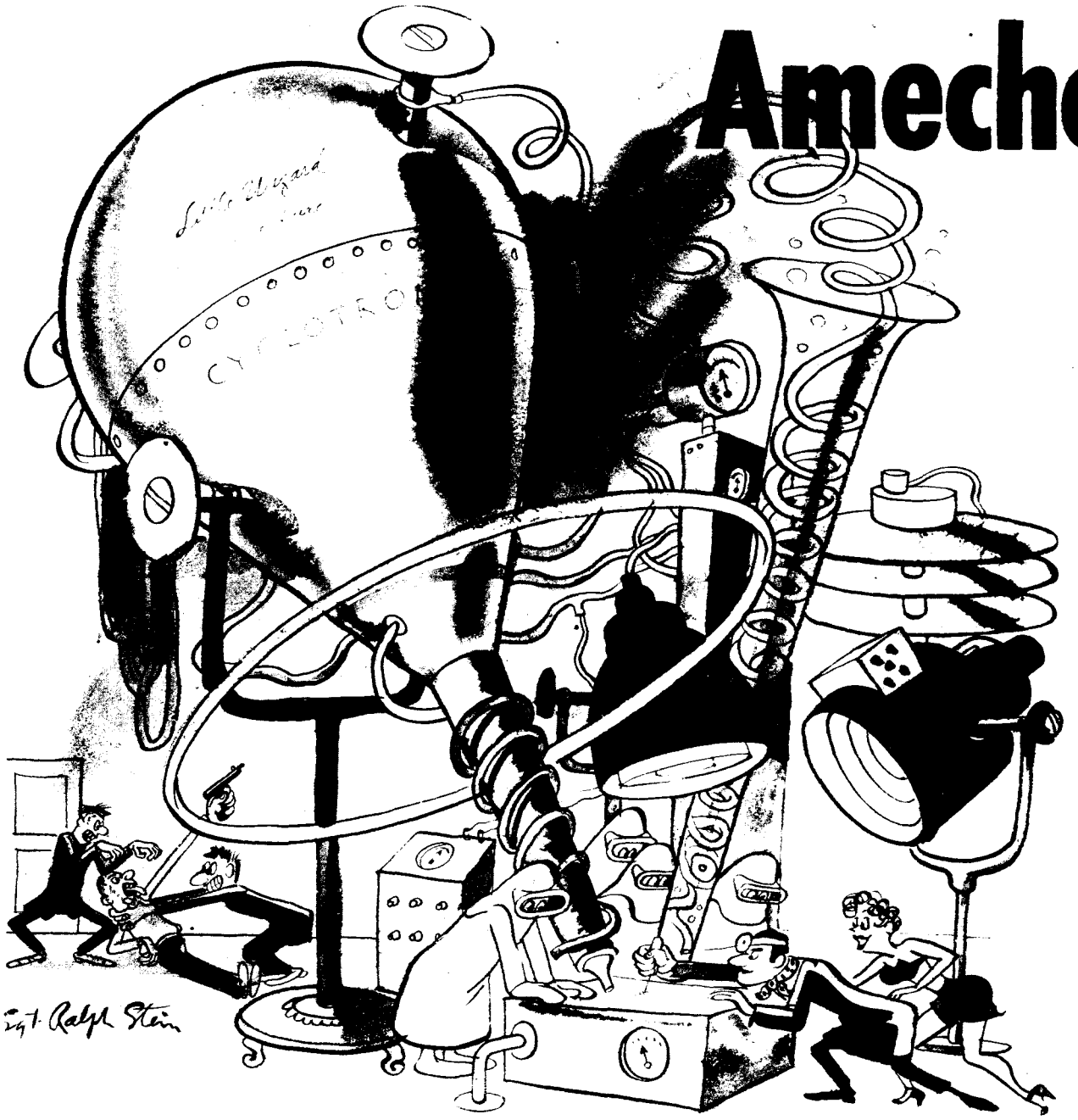
Ameche's Atom



The final effort seemed doomed to failure until Linda Darnell suggested hitting the atom with an ice pick.

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

JUST before the first announcement of the atomic bomb, I saw Don Ameche on the screen of a neighborhood theater. He was in a movie called "It's in the Bag" and he was playing the part of a singing waiter. This was a considerable come-down for the man who invented the telephone ("Alexander Graham Bell"), fathered the birth of American jazz ("Alexander's Ragtime Band"), fostered the Good Neighbor Policy ("Down Argentine Way") and was only beaten to the discovery of radium by Walter Pidgeon when the latter unfairly enlisted the aid of Greer Garson.

The great man had become a singing waiter for a very simple reason, according to the movie. "I ran out of things to invent," he said sadly on the soundtrack, and then went out to sing to a beery audience of tired businessmen.

All that has changed now. People may have thought that Ameche had given up when he became a singing waiter, but he hadn't. He sang nights, of course, but every morning he worked in an underground laboratory with a specially recruited corps of experts. His aides included the eminent (though almost mad) refugee scientist, Herr Doktor Peter Lorre; the eccentric old disciple of pure research, Professor Paul Muni; the lovable and irascible medico, Dr. Lionel Barrymore; the breath-takingly lovely but efficient laboratory aide Greer Garson, who had been pirated from the Pidgeon enterprises for this particular experiment; and an awkward but faithful janitor named William Bendix, who supplied a little humorous relief for the hard-working crew. The underground lab, of course, was lighted by Natalie Kalmus and the blue-gray surgical gowns worn by the staff were supplied by Adrian. There was a mottled maple instrument cabinet by Cedric Gibbons, and Perc, Wally and Bud Westmore dropped in occasionally to replace Miss Garson's eyelashes when they wilted over steaming retorts or were singed by the fiery blaze of bubbling metal.

What were Ameche and his staff working on? Atomic energy, of course. Now the whole story can be told.

"I figured," said inventor Ameche in an exclusive interview with YANK's West Coast correspondent, "that I had arrived at a dead end in the world of science as it was known up to August 5, 1945. I had gone as far as man could go. To go further, to save myself from the industrial scrap heap where unscrupulous manufacturers like Edward Arnold, Sir Aubrey Smith and Eugene Pallette were ready to throw me after they had stolen my patents, it would be necessary to invent not an invention, but an entirely new kind of science.

"The atom popped into my mind one evening when, after singing my heart out as a waiter, I was talking to my agent at Ciro's. Twenty percent of my waiter's wages was not enough for his growing family. His young son had to take up table waiting at his fraternity at Stanford and his daughter was forced to wear a last year's bathing suit which covered almost one one-hundredth of her skin and embarrassed her horribly in front of the barer babes in this season's suits.

"He spoke excitedly, incoherently, pleading with me to invent something. As he spoke he drummed on the table with a knife. His knife hit a crumb. That was when it came to me.

"I grabbed his arm. 'Bernie,' I said. 'I'll split the atom! Can't you see it? It'll be like this. . . .'

"I outlined my plan in bold, brief strokes. First I am a schoolboy, maybe Mickey Rooney, if we can get the Army to release him; maybe Peggy Garner, if we can't. Make-up, you know.

"While all the other boys are playing and pulling the girls' pigtails, I am studying physics. I worship my old physics professor, Paul Muni. Together we explore all the knowledge of physics to date. An out-of-work commercial artist, Walt Disney, comes into the classroom and shows us, with animated drawings, how a molecule is built and how everything is atoms. Professor Muni looks at me solemnly, the day I graduate. 'Don, I haf given you the egguipment here,' he says, tapping his head. 'Go oudt and get that atom!'

"I go from office to office to get backing. The bankers and manufacturers turn a cold shoulder to me. I meet a pretty receptionist in one office, Laraine Day, and I know I love her. I take her out for long walks by the river and talk to her about the atom. She has faith in me, but I am poor. We have a misunderstanding when I see her with a banker's young son, Robert Young's son. I vow not to see her again.

"One day, I am walking from banker to banker when I see an old lady about to be run over by a cab. I push the cab away and rescue her. She is Dame May Whitty, wife of the town's richest banker. As I help her to the curb, she says to me, 'My husband has spoken to me of you. I shall speak to my husband of you. You can count on the funds of the Gospel National Bank. They belong to you and the atom!'

"I rush to Cedric Gibbons and order a laboratory, complete with pale tea-rose test tubes. I see Natalie Kalmus about the lighting. I take Professor Muni from his miserable hovel and set him to rounding up a staff for me. A week later we are all huddled around a furnace, merrily blazing with crisp banks of uranium. The piny odor of burning nuclei fills the room.

"Our first experiments seem doomed to failure. The banker, Henry Hull, wavers in his faith, but his wife, who has changed to Beulah Bondi, pawns her jewels to buy us the last ounce of uranium we need. We are gathered in the laboratory for our final effort. It too seems to be hopeless when the door opens and my receptionist, who has changed overnight to Linda Darnell, rushes in. 'Why don't you hit it with an ice pick?' she cries.

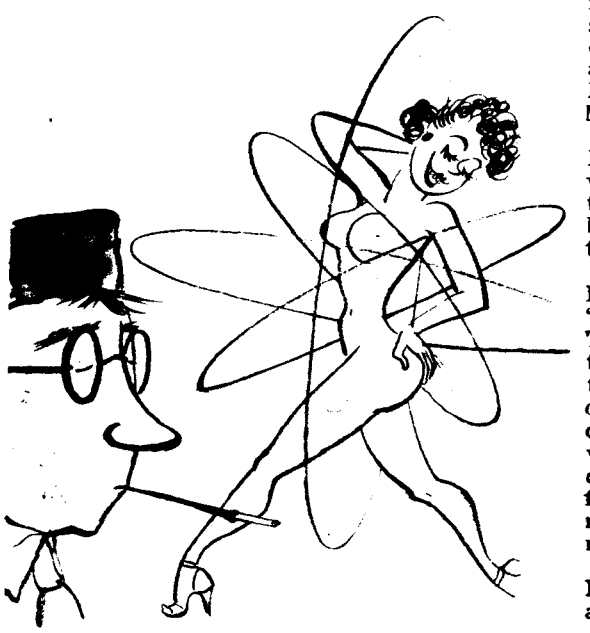
"Tremblingly, Professor Muni hands me an ice pick. Over in a corner of the lab Peter Lorre and William Bendix throttle an Axis spy, Lionel Atwill, who has just slipped over the transom in a rocket bomb. I plunge the icepick into the table. The atom splits.

"The music swells and the scene shifts to Tokyo. There is a blinding flash in the sky and the Mikado is seen signing an unconditional-surrender proclamation. A party of Marines comes in carrying Linda Darnell on their shoulders. A party of Wacs comes in carrying me on their shoulders. Linda and I embrace as the Marines and Wacs, led by Hermes Pan, sing 'I'm Proton All My Ergs In One Basket!' "

Our correspondent looked at Mr. Ameche with new respect. "So that's how it was," he breathed. "And what for the future?"

"The atomic telephone," Mr. Ameche said shyly. "And then atomic jazz. There are ever so many things to invent. The future of the inventor is once more unlimited." Our correspondent's attention wandered as a pretty girl came into the room. As far as he could see, almost to Yonkers, she was naked.

"My agent's daughter," Mr. Ameche said. "An atomic bathing suit."



"My agent's daughter," Mr. Ameche said casually.

AN old friend of yours—Jane Russell. At this writing her movie hasn't yet been released, but at least they seem to have gotten Jane out of a bathing suit and into the boudoir (look left). The movie, incidentally is Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw," which ran into censor trouble. Jane is 24, 5 feet 7, has brown hair and brown eyes, weighs 122 pounds and has a bust.

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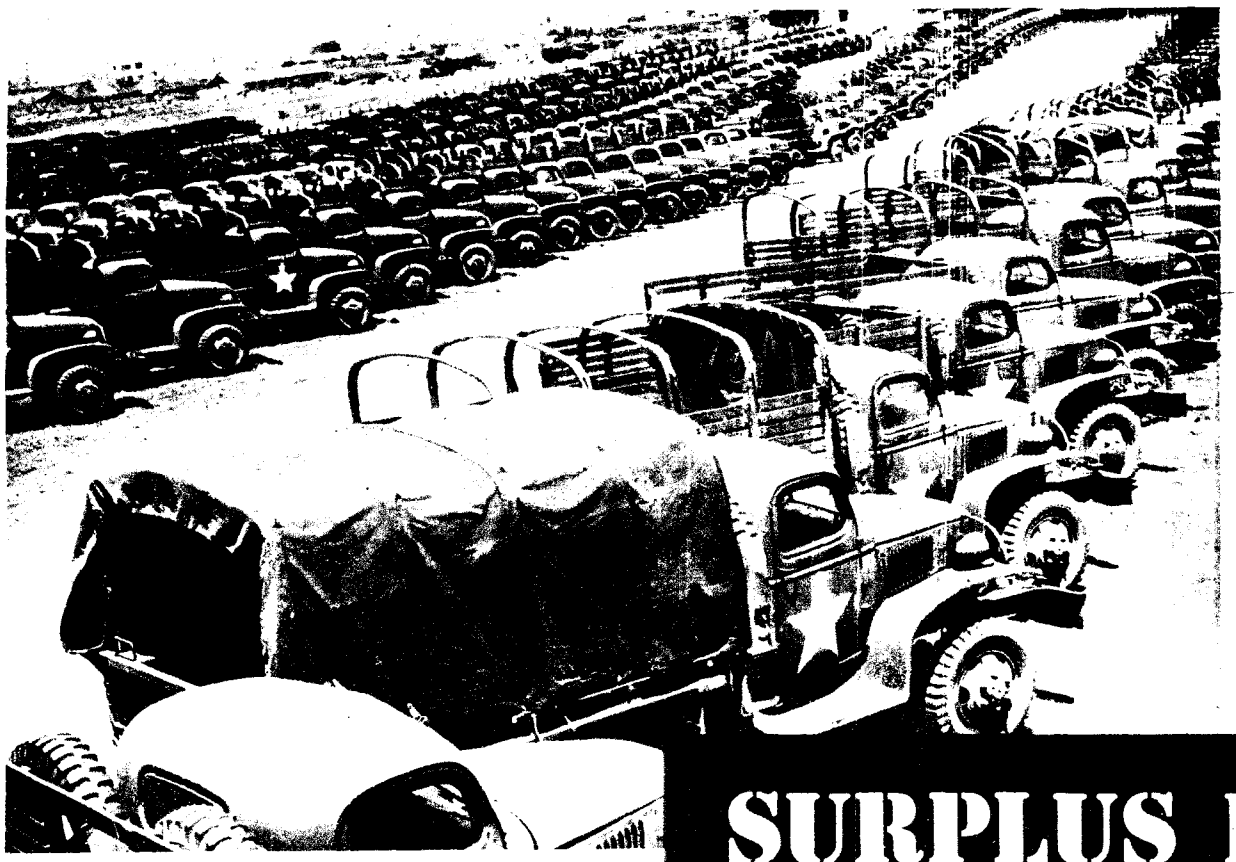

SURPLUS PROPERTY

All over the world the Army has piles of unused and unusable equipment Iran is a test case in disposing of them.

By Cpl. RAY McGOVERN
YANK Staff Correspondent

TEHERAN, IRAN—According to reports, one of the most confused snafus of the last war was the disposal of surplus U. S. Army equipment after the war had ended. In one case, so the story goes, we sold all our surplus in one European zone to the local government for a flat $400,000,000. The local government took what it needed of the goods involved, then sold the remainders to American dealers who had been invited over especially for the bidding. The local government showed a nice profit on the sale of the materials it didn't need to begin with and the American dealers eventually collected a businesslike profit on the goods they bought, when they resold them to civilians back in the U. S. Nobody took a sock on the chin except the taxpayers, who had put up the money for the goods in the first place when the Army bought them and in the second place when they bought the goods back again from the dealers.

To what should have been nobody's surprise, this kind of carrying-on earned Uncle Sam a reputation as a soft touch internationally.

To avoid any repetition of the World War I snafu several agencies were set up in Washington early in this war. Last war's surplus looks like a molehill compared with the staggering piles of equipment that World War II leaves in its wake, and this time the equipment is scattered all over the face of the globe. The agencies have laid out their plans for disposal of this equipment and the plans are now getting a preview performance in the territory of the recently disbanded Persian Gulf Command.

In Iran, as elsewhere, the disposal falls under the authority of the Surplus Property Board which was formed in 1944 when Congress passed a Surplus Property Act providing basic rules and regulations for the disposal of our war remainders. Overseas disposal is handled by the Army-Navy Liquidation Commissioner, Thomas B. McCabe, onetime president of the Scott Paper Co. and a veteran of service in the Lend-Lease program. Mr. McCabe's deputy is Maj. Gen. Donald H. Connolly, former CG in the Persian Gulf, and the assistant commissioner is Rear Adm. W. B. Young. The three-man board operates under the War and Navy Departments.

In Iran, Col. John B. Stetson of the hat company is field commissioner for the central authority. In other theaters, other field commissioners will be named by Mr. McCabe and his board. Col. Stetson's job is to get rid of the surplus property in Iran in such a manner that the U. S. will appear as neither a sucker nor a profiteer and everyone will be happy.

The first step is deciding what property is surplus. The overseas procedure has no connection with the practice in the ZI except that both must follow the basic provisions of the Surplus Property Act. Overseas, the War Department screens all items to be left by the Army, indicates those it wants to retain, and declares the rest "surplus to the needs of the War Department." When the theater commander gets this listing, he notifies the field commissioner as to what items are surplus, and the real job begins.

In Iran, Col. Stetson and his executive officer, Lt. Col. A. Kenneth Akin, face some problems that are peculiar to the Middle East, but in the main their job is a cross-section of what may be in store for all such overseas operations. The mission of the PGC—supplying war goods to Russia—tapered off slowly many months before it was finally declared completed. Shortly after the announcement was made, approximately $10,000,000 in property was in the hands of the field commissioner, whose area includes Iraq as well as the U. S. command area in Iran.

Trucks and spare parts make up more than half the goods so far declared surplus. Other items, picked at random for their variety, are Higgins barges, can and drum manufacturing plants, hand and machine tools, mosquito nets, road-building equipment, food, medical supplies, pumps, generators and ice-making and water-purifying equipment.

Some of the goods have been sold and carted away. No great difficulty is expected in disposing of the rest at a just price. But so far the greatest potential buyer, the government of Iran, has not been in the picture. Since the U. S. feels a moral responsibility to give Iran a chance to bid, the disposal program is momentarily slowed down to a snail's pace.

In addition to the Iranian government and individual Iranian manufacturers and dealers, there are other potentially large customers. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration has its eye on some of the property. Afghanistan, to the east, and Iraq, to the west, are both in the market. A number of U. S. manufacturers whose trade-marked articles have been declared surplus would like to buy them back. In some instances, they want to control their own foreign markets and the retail prices of their products; in others, they want to keep a deteriorated product from reaching the public. The American Red Cross and a number of charitable institutions with offices in the Middle East want some of the property. And so on.

THE complications that have slowed down our dealing with the Iranian government are both political and economic. To begin with, for several months the Iranians have not had a cabinet with which we could deal. A succession of prime ministers failed to win the necessary vote of confidence in the *majlis* (parliament) so Iran was unable to set up an agency to deal with Col. Stetson in purchasing our surplus. Until a prime minister and his cabinet receive such a vote, it is doubtful that any headway can be made.

Any agreement will have to reach a decision regarding the kind of money to be used in our transactions with Iran. If the Iranian government wants to use its own currency, the *rial*—pegged at $.03125—the U. S. won't be able to use the *rials* it receives except to buy goods from Iran. If the Iranians pay in dollars, they are drawing capital out of their own foreign-exchange reserve.

THIS money problem is in no way peculiar to Iran. It is world-wide. Our economists and the Treasury Department are working hard to figure a fair and practical way to "create dollars" so that countries which are short of them will be able to buy from us.

But Iran is in good condition to acquire whatever it may want—either in movable equipment or in non-movable property such as our large Army camps—of the surplus. Normal trade won't be restored in the Middle East for some time and Iran is hungry for finished goods; there has been practically no import trade in the country since the joint Russian-British occupation in 1941.

The activities of the commissioner are closely tied in with the U. S. Embassy here so that all government agencies may work in harmony. There are more tricky angles to the job than meet the eye. Col. Stetson and his aides must not only know who is bidding, but they must know what the probable effect of every purchase will be. They must know what buyers may deserve a break in obtaining the goods they want and what sales are likely to bring on adverse criticism from the taxpayer at home.

Then there is the black market. A considerable amount of Army surplus could be sold through this channel at a fancy profit even over the price the Army paid for it when it was new, but such sales could and probably would play hell with the economy of Iran. This could very well mean the loss of Iranian friendship for the U. S. and, more than that, foreign economic difficulties have a habit of spreading their effects throughout the whole world.

Also to be kept in mind are American labor and industry. If the commissioner sells 1,000 beat-up trucks at an inflated price, the foreign buyer, once he realizes he has been stung, won't be in the mood to buy any more American vehicles when he is again in the market for trucks. Multiply one dealer by all those likely to be involved in disposing of $10,000,000 worth of property and you have a nice potential reservoir of ill will if things are mishandled.

GIs who are not directly involved in the liquidation deal still have shown a sharp curiosity about what is going on. They take a "watchdog of the Treasury" attitude. They figure that they are taxpayers and have a stake in the outcome. Some of them want to buy some of the equipment for themselves. They have the needle ready, when they think something is fouled up, for GIs in the commissioner's office like T/Sgt. Wallace Fiedler, Col. Stetson's right hand GI. Fiedler, who studied marketing at the University of Wisconsin's School of Commerce, is making the most of his job. He thinks the whole thing will give him a good subject for a thesis towards his master's degree in marketing.

The Government at home is getting an almost play-by-play description of the way things are working in Iran. Snags that develop which have not been anticipated by Washington are studied so that other Army-Navy Field Commissioners will be hep in terms of Col. Stetson's experience when liquidation begins in their theaters.

The $10,000,000 in Iran is just a small trickle of the flood which will be let go in the future, the flood which will have to be controlled by Army-Navy Commissioners abroad if it is not to break its levees and swamp a good section of our world economy.

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Larchmont Race Week

By Sgt. JOE WRIGHT
YANK Staff Writer

A winning crew at the Larchmont Regatta. L. to r.: Mr. Cameron, Miss Thursby, Pfc. Halligan, Pfc. Cameron.

IT'S a long way from the cold and dripping fastness of the Huertgen Forest in winter to the sparkling blue waters of the Long Island Sound in midsummer. It's so far, in fact, that when Pfc. Bruce Cameron, of Larchmont, N. Y., was shot in both legs while fighting with the 1st Division in the Huertgen battle he probably would have laughed in the face of any nurse who tried to cheer him up by telling him he'd be sailing a sloop in the famous Larchmont Race Week Regatta by July. Yet, although the pfc is still on crutches and undergoing treatment at Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island, that's exactly what happened. What's more, crutches or no, Cameron and his crew won in their class.

Pfc. Cameron, who skippered a Luders L-16 in the Sixth Division Handicap of the regatta, didn't win on luck alone. He knows his stuff plenty, having sailed for Yale in the Intercollegiate Dinghy Races in the days before he traded a tiller for a rifle. His crew at Larchmont consisted of his old man, Alexander Cameron, a former major in the Army who didn't act a bit brassy toward his pfc son; Miss Jean Thursby, a cute little number from New Rochelle, N. Y.; and Pfc. Bill Halligan, also of Larchmont and also a veteran of the fighting in Germany, where he served with the 4th Division.

There seems little doubt that this was the first time a Larchmont Regatta had been run off with two pfc piloting one of the competing craft. This, however, was not the only way in which the fact that there was a war on affected the event. Whereas there used to be something like 2,000 boats entered in the various races, this year the turnout was only 1,426. If even this figure seems rather large for a nation then up to its neck in an all-out war, it should be noted that a great many of the skippers were boys who still wear knee-pants whether they're ashore or afloat and girls who wear their hair long because their moms won't let them put it up yet.

Then too, many of the boats were as pint-sized as their pilots. Most of the big, plush jobs of a few years back were conspicuous by their absence, while the smaller Internationals, S-Classes, Atlantics, Stars, Lightnings and Comets got practically all of the play.

There was one pillar of tradition present, however, to link this wartime regatta with its peacetime past. That was the Sailing Parson, more respectfully known as the Rev. H. C. Benjamin, rector of a church in Flushing, N. Y. A genial, affable old fellow ashore and an irascible, screaming demon during a race, the Sailing Parson was on hand as usual at the helm of his R-class sloop named the *Pecusa*. And if you should wonder why it is so named, just consider the initials of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America.

The parson won one race but failed to win the Fifth Division Handicap in which he competed. The race he won, though, gave him the not-especially-pious satisfaction of nosing out his bitterest rival, one Brownrigg Norton, whose mother, as one T-5 present remarked, was really reaching out into left field when she picked that moniker.

At one point during the race in question, the parson was leading Norton, who was trying to come up to windward and shut off the *Pecusa's* breeze. To counteract this crafty measure, the parson resorted to luffing which, for the benefit of landlubber Joes, means that he headed into the wind, compelling Norton, if he wished to continue his strategy, to do likewise. The outcome of the maneuver was that the wind was shaken out of the sails of both boats, but the parson was still ahead.

"He's not going to get by me if I have to luff him all the way over to Hempstead Harbor!" screeched the Rev. Mr. Benjamin, and, by golly, he was right. Norton gave up the futile chase, the *Pecusa* beat him around the last marker, and came in ahead, three minutes and 50 seconds to the good.

Just because there weren't many big boats in the regatta this year, don't get the idea that skippers have no use for such craft any more. Lots of yachtsmen prefer the big babies and are looking forward to returning to them after the war. Which brings up the question of what postwar pleasure craft is going to be like. If you take a gander at the recent outpourings of some boat manufacturers in the slick-paper magazines, you may easily get the idea that, like it or not, the postwar yachtsman is going to have to do his sailing in streamlined models with teardrop decks and deckhouses and with metal hulls, mass-produced so that they will come rolling out of huge molds like waffles from a griddle. The implication of these enthusiasts is that good old wood, as a material for making boats, is old-hat and definitely out.

Now there is undoubtedly much to be said in favor of the molded and therefore seamless hull but what many a prospective postwar sailor would like to know is will he be able to get that 28-foot ketch he's had his heart set on designed along traditional lines or will he have to do his sailing in a vessel that looks as if it were about to take off on an atom-propelled flight to the moon? In other words, must he take the shape as well as the substance? The answer, according to at least one experienced designer, is reassuring. The boys responsible for boat-of-the-future advertising, says this expert, are way ahead of themselves and at least for some time after the war no one is going to have any trouble getting a boat that really looks like a boat.

The well-informed feeling also seems to be that there will still be plenty of plywood used in postwar boat manufacture, at least in the case of craft of less than 50 feet. Small boats are sure to profit from gadgets that the manufacturers, nearly all of whom have been working exclusively on war orders, have developed while producing under government contracts. Among the accessories that have been adapted to small boats designed for war and that sooner or later will be made available for peacetime models are radio telephones, refrigerators, automatic fire protection, electric toilets and anchor-hauling devices.

A good many ex-sailing men are in the services right now. (Lots of them aren't so "ex" at that, as witness a gent who used to cut quite a figure in the Larchmont Regatta and more recently has been exercising his nautical talents as the commander of an LCI at invasion beaches all the way from North Africa to Normandy.) They're a clannish lot, these ex-sailing men, and buggy on the subject of their hobby with the result that they're always getting together and chewing the fat about the kind of boat they're going to sail after the war.

A tech sergeant, fresh from 39 months in the Pacific, recently reported that such bull sessions kept him from blowing his top on several occasions during the two-and-a-half year grind and he mentioned particularly one such gab fest at which the boys were sounding off on their favorite subject. One said he wanted a racing boat, another a day sailing boat, a third a cruising boat, and so on. One of the group had nothing to say for some time and simply sat staring with a far-away look in his eye. Finally he spoke up. "Me," he said, "when I get back to the States I want to get me a boat that's big enough to lay down on, that don't make much noise, that don't need much attention, and that don't rock much." Somebody suggested what he wanted was a family boat. "Naw," was the reply. "I just want a good, safe drinking boat."

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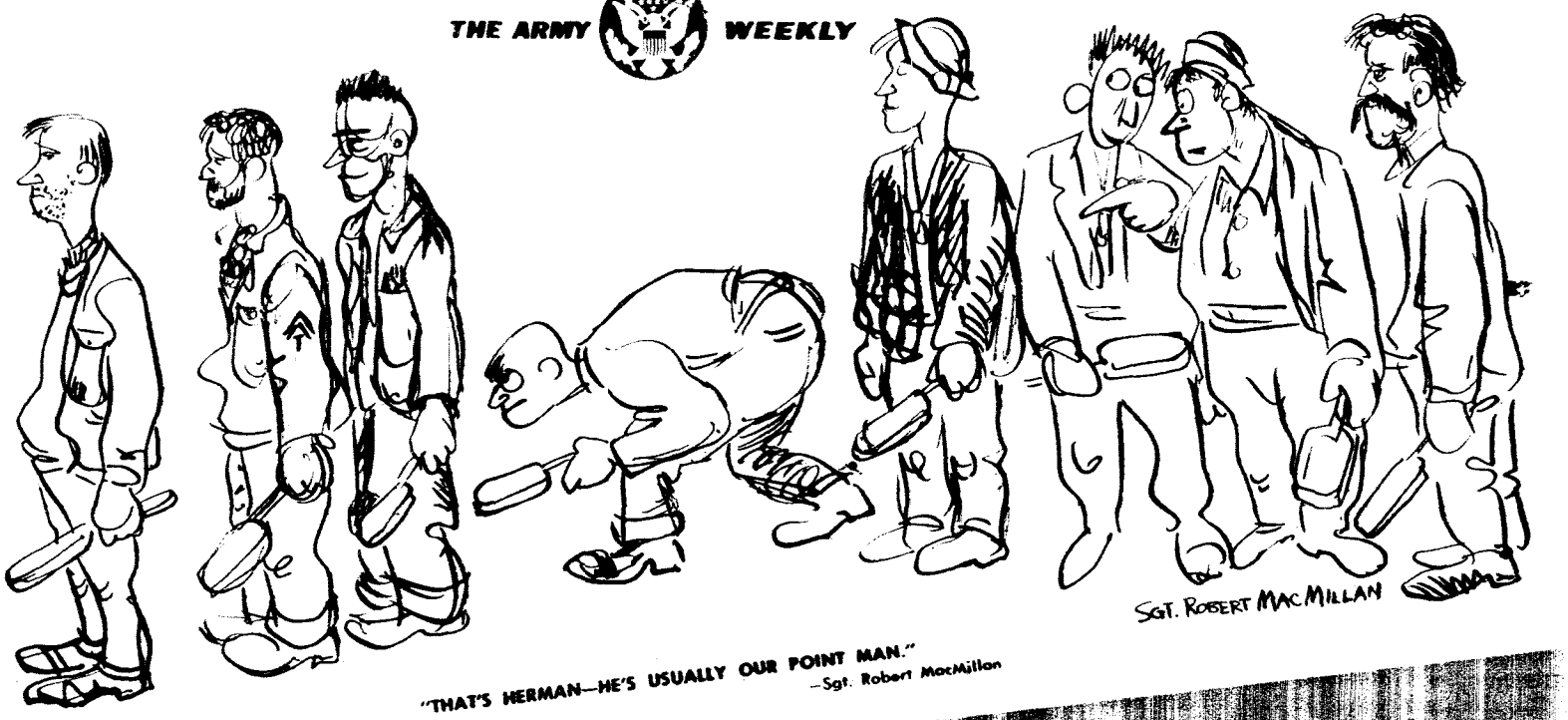
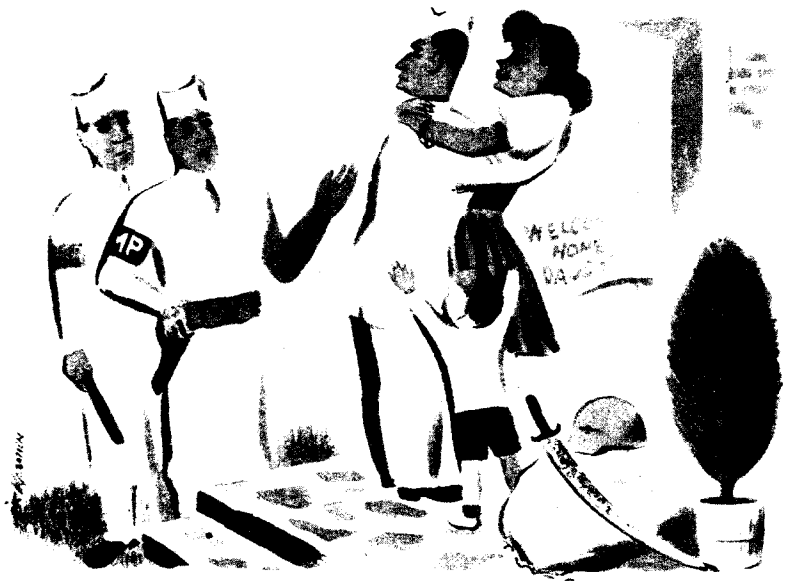


"THAT'S HERMAN—HE'S USUALLY OUR POINT MAN."
—Sgt. Robert MacMillan

"HE REFUSES TO GO HOME ON POINTS BECAUSE HE KNOWS HIS WIFE WOULD MAKE HIM CUT IT OFF."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"I KNOW! I KNOW! BUT IT SEEMS THERE WAS SOME MISTAKE. THEY GOT YOU CONFUSED WITH ANOTHER EDDIE SCULLY WHO WAS TO HAVE BEEN DISCHARGED."
—Sgt. Joseph Kramer

PLAY IT DOUBLE

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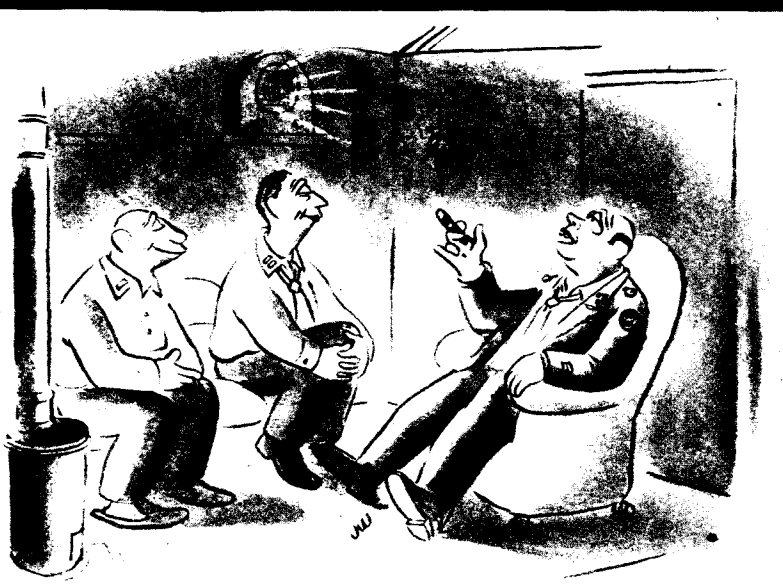

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